

Vol. VIII

E. F. Beadle, William Adams, David Adams

NEW YORK, JANUARY 26, 1878.

No. 411

LOST WINGS AND LINGERING HEART.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

The year is in the leaves,
And the leaves are underfoot;
And as I linger, unto dead things o inging,
High overhead I hear your happy swarms
Go by, oh, darling Birds, singing and winging
To where the soft South-summer welcomes and

Season of song and flower
For frost-fleke and snowfall.
The bare nest on the bough in broken weather.
Sweet eve grown ruinous, and strange the dawn,
And some day on sad mold some fallen feather
Will break my heart, Birds, after you are gone.

### Silver Star, THE BOY KNIGHT:

The Mystery of Osman, the Outlaw.

A PRAIRIE ROMANCE.

BY OLL COOMES. CHAPTER V.

ARKANSAW AND THE BOY KNIGHT MAKE A RE-CONNOISSANCE.

"Boy," replied Old Arkansaw, "what do you mean by saying Elwe is lost? Who or what is Elwe?"

mean by saying Elwe is lost? Who or what is Elwe?"

In as few words as possible the Boy Knight narrated the adventure of the balloon, his rescue of Elwe, and her flight upon his horse.

Old Arkansaw was astonished by the lad's story, and when he had concluded his narration, the hunter said:

"Then the poor young thing never got through. The hoss came all right, but no girl. I should think if the red-skins got her, they'd taken the hoss too; so it's my solemn opinion that she's been killed."

"Oh, merciful heavens!" cried the boy, "I hope such is not the case. I cannot bear to think Elwe is dead. She was the prettiest girl, Arkansaw, that you ever laid your eyes on. And, then, she was as gentle as an angel; why, if it hadn't been for them wicked men in the b'loon, I'd 'a' believed she war sent from heaven direct."

Love! love!" muttered the old borderman. I "Love! love!" muttered the old borderman. I never knowed a boy to rescue a gal from danger in my life but he fell in love with her, heels over head. And then they're alers angels—beauchiful, and all this sort of things, even if they're ugly as mud fences. Like as not your Elwe'd look like a bird without plumage to me. You see, old eyes and young eyes don't see alike. I used to see an angel in every gal's face, but how're you angels now? After I got jilted forty-seven times, the female sex became very plain—really human. But it's mighty queer bout that balloon business—some mystery. Why didn't you ax your angel bout it, Silver bout that balloon business—some mystery.
Why didn't you ax your angel bout it, Silver

"I did ask her, and she had just begun telling me when we discovered the Indians coming down upon us. But, Arkansaw, I must know what become of that girl—I will never quit these woods until I know whether she is dead or aftive."

"Now, see here, boy; you've got a name all over Dakota and creation for bein' one of the best, slickest and most successful rangers, and so don't, for pity sake, let this girl-hunt spile

Do you advise me, Arkansaw, to let her go

"Do you advise me, Arkansaw, to let her go—
to not look after her? to leave her, if livin', at
the mercy of bloodthirsty savages?"

"Oh, no, Silver Star; be a man—die for lovely woman, if necessary—and you want to; but
don't go too hasty. Keep cool and calculate
carefully, and then see how she'll figger up.
Now, Captain Barns and nine of the soldiers are camped up here waiting for me to return with some game for breakfast, and if you'll wait till I block out a chunk of that dead deer, we'll go

up to camp."
"Did you fire at that deer, Arkansaw?" the

"Did you fire at that deer, Arkansaw?" the boy questioned.

"I did, for a fact."

"And so did I, though I did not hear your gun. There are two bullet-holes in the animal's side. We must have fired simultaneously."

"Yes, for I didn't hear your gun till you begun to rattle off charks to them red-skins. Heavens! how you managed that battle, for a boy. You're a good one, I'll vow. I'm awful glad to meet you, Silver Star; here, give us a shake—like to forgot that; but say, jist don't say anything to the boys 'bout the way I got that White Crane fixed up to abolish him. They might consider it a thunderated good joke on—on—well, the tree we war huggin' up so skrimpshus. Jist kind o' leave it all to me; I'll fix up this battered mug o' mine, to the boys, this battered mug o' mine, to the boys,

The scouts secured a portion of the deer, and the weapons of the fallen red-skins and at once set out for camp, where they soon ar-

Silver Star was received in camp with shouts of joy; but great was their surprise when the men saw the face of Old Arkansaw, bruised and bleeding; and they at once plied him with

questions regarding his injuries.

This the old man had expected, and as he promised Silver Star, he fixed the matter up by a slight exaggeration of facts in a manner that re-flected credit upon himself.

While the old frontiersman and one of the soldiers were preparing the venison for break-fast, Silver Star told Captain Barns of all that had transpired since he left the fort. The captain had transpired since he left the fort. The captain was astounded at the story of the balloon and the disappearance of the maiden, and many and various were the conjectures concerning the aeronauts and their strange conduct. With what little that Silver Star had gathered of their conversation, Captain Barns felt satisfied that the girl, Elwe, was the victim of some conspiracy, foul and malicious.



"I'm goin' to ride over on this log, Arkansaw, or die in the attempt," replied the boy; "steady, Prince, steady."

"But the maiden must be found, be she dead or alive," the soldier said. "One of the pickets said your horse came in from the direction of Deep Ford; and as this crossing is in the viciity of the Indian village, she might have fallen

into savage power."
"If so, then there may be some hope of finding her," declared the young scout; "but at any rate, I'm going to hunt for her until I know her

And you can count on my assistance," said

Breakfast being prepared and eaten, the party mounted their animals, and took their departure east, along the river.

As they had brought Silver Star's horse along

As they had brought Silver Star's horse along with them, the youth once more found himself at home in the saddle, and that, too, with his shield-star blazing brightly upon his breast in the morning light

The party rode on until noon when they halt-ed for dinner and to await the coming of night. They were not far from the Indian village now, and what was to be done must be done under

cover of night.

With restless impatience Silver Star watched the sun go down, and when the shadows of night again settled over all, the youth, in company with Old Arkansaw, mounted his horse and rode off up the river to make a reconnoissance of the Indian village. An hour's ride brought them within sight of a hundred twinkling lights on the opposite side of the river.

"Great Scotland!" exclaimed Silver Star, pointing across toward the town; "I'd give mu whole right and title to all Dakota if I could over of night.

my whole right and title to all Dakota if I could go through you hornet's nest like a volley of

"I wish so, too, boy, if wishin' 'll do any good," replied Old Arkansaw; "but I'll bet the red bastions have all got their optics skinned and their auraculars open. I jist want to meet that sweet-scented White Crane again, and if I that sweet-scented White Crane again, and if I don't show him a thing or two I'll give my head for a toad-stool. If I should meet him to-night, I'd spatter his carcass all over this territory, and redden the moonshine with his blood. The cowardly, sneakin' ole bastion! Hivens! how I should like to clap them paws upon him again!" and the old scout brought his palms together until they cracked like a pistol-shot.
"Suppose we go over and stir that hornits'

"Suppose we go over and stir that hornits' nest up, anyhow?" suggested the Boy Knight. "Haw! haw! haw!" laughed the scout, softly; "a boy can't pass a hornits' nest without shying a stone at it. But then, I'm in fur anything that's full of fun and fire. We might go over a stone at it. But then, I'm in fur anything that's full of fun and fire. We might go over and charge into their village and—then charge out again before the varmints sting, though it'll be awful risky. Jerusalem crickets! won't it raise a seethin' howl? Why, nothin' 'll compare with it since the morning stars sung together, and the Romans charged on Bunker Hill."
"Well, we'll have to go up the river to

Can't we swim her here?—like Washington

did the raging Rubicon?"

"No; the banks are too steep," replied the youth, lading the way up the river.

In a few minutes they came to what was known as the Deep Ford; and entering the stream, they crossed to the other side. Just as they was a energing from the water the keen. they were emerging from the water, the keen eyes of the Boy Knight aught sign of two canoes standing alongside of each other in the shadows of the bank, a rod or so below the crossing. There was an occupant in each boat. crossing. There was an occupant in each boat. Silver Star said nothing of his discovery until some distance from the river, when he drew rein and requested his companion to do like-wise. Then he told Arkansaw of what he had seen, and dismounting, he left his horse in

Who?" exclaimed the man, apparently ex-

"Silver Star? "Yes; did you not see the star upon his breast?" the Indian maiden—for such the venturesome boy discovered her to be—replied.

Does Silent Heart fear him like my peo-

Ah! who is Silent Heart? thought the listener.
"No; I do not fear him; but he is my enemy

and your enemy, Nathelah."
"Yes; and he is going toward our village,"
replied the maiden, "and Nathelah should hur-

replied the maiden, "and Nathelah should hurry and alarm the village,"
"Do not be in a hurry, Nathelah; your people are not asleep. Silent Heart has much to say, for it will be many moons before he sees his sweetheart again. I am going away."
"Going away? Is Silent Heart tired of Nathelah? Does a fairer one sing words of love in his ear?" the girl asked his ear?" the girl asked. "I will meet you here again, Nathelah. Watch by the river, and when a broken oar

floats by the village, meet me here. I will And will you love Nathelah then as now?"
Why should I not? Have I not pledged my "They tell me the tongue of the pale-face

es is crooked. Why should you doubt me, Nathelah?"

Never, Nathelah, never!" fears of the Indian girl, and after a few min-utes more of stolen bliss, their interview ended. The maiden headed her canoe down-stream, and the lover turned his in the opposite direction. In a minute or two both had disappeared.

Ever ready to grasp at straws, the Boy Knight began to analyze the conversation of the lovers. He wondered who Nathelah could be jealous of-who the fair one was that the river had given to Silent Heart. Could it have

The boy started at the question, and with the thought uppermost in his mind he returned to Old Arkansaw and made known his discovery, but without claiming any material benefit of what he had heard more than that the Indian rirl would return to the village and inform her riends that Silver Star was about, and put them on their guard.

cane," said Old Arkansaw, "and git down there ahead of the dusky brat, and go through the town like jagged lightnin'."

So saying, they galloped toward the Indian village, Old Arkansaw taking the lead. Silver Star did not exactly know what his old companion, common action, was but he model with the common control of the common con panion's course of action was; but he made up his mind to follow him wherever he dared to

Straight on toward the Sioux town galloped the reckless scouts, and the nearer they approached it the faster they rode. Not a savage seemed to dispute their way, and without the least alarm being raised, they suddenly dashed into the outskirts of the village.

And now arose a Pandemonium of noises on the October night. Old Arkansaw uttered a seen, and dismounting, he left his horse in the old scout's care, and started back to ascertain, if possible, who the two were in the canoes. He approached the river with the silence of a shadow, and at length came within earshot of the two unknown persons. Listening intently,

That was the dreaded young pale-face upon the fact, the raiders were in the woods

But so successful had been the ride of the fearless scouts that Silver Star was not content to let well enough alone, and he resolved to make another dash. It is true, nothing had been accomplished by the charge, aside from the wild excitement it created; but this was not what had taken the Boy Knight there. He was in search of Elwe; and no sooner did he find himself in the woods with the savages all drawn from the village in pursuit, than he resolved to take advantage of the moment, and run another and greater risk in Elwe's behalf.

Without saying a word to Old Arkansaw, he turned abruptly to the right and galloped away through the woods back to the river. Then, urning down the stream, he again entered the ndian town on the south side, at which point he knew the place was deserted, the sava en, women and children-being at the other

men, women and children—being at the other side of the village.

With impunity, the daring boy galloped down into the very heart of the Indian town. He knew enough of Indian habits and customs to know that the prison lodge was located nea the center of the village, and always designate by some peculiar device. As he advanced the young scout selected this lodge from among the many, and rode straight toward it. In a moment more he was at the door of the tent. No one was there to dispute his way, and leaning forward in his stirrups he raised the flap-door and looked in. But, darkness filled the apartment—he heard, he saw nothing.

"Elwe? Elwe, are you here?" he called out, but there was no response. Again he called the

"Did the river not give to you one fairer than Nathelah? Is she not in the wigwam of the Sient Heart? and can her smiles and soft voice of Elwe. A yell was the only answer. It

was a savage yell.

A number of squaws seeing him, gave the alarm in the most frightful, discordant screams that ever issued from human lungs; and in another moment that swarm of savages was rolling back from the woods like an angry pack of wolves. Putting spur the Boy Knight pushed on through the village westward. Before him lay an open level expanse of meadow, flooded with the mellow moonlight.

The savages seeing the course he had taken began to spread out to the right to head him off; and the crash of firearms now was added to the direful sound of savage lungs. Lead whistled over and around the young horseman thick as hail. But he was not destined to escape unpun-shed this time. A bullet struck his ankle, inflicting a serious and painful wound. The shock paralyzed his whole leg, and it was only by a sperate effort that he succeeded in beeping his seat in the saddle.
"Oh, by heavens!" he exclaimed, as the pain

shot through his body, forcing a groan from his lips. "I've got it at last, and got it badly, too. I'd ought to have known better than to come back here into this hornets' nest. I believe my leg is shot off. On, Prince, my good old horse; the red demons are mountin' and pursuin' us!" He was now on an open plain, but a belt of timber lay a short distance before him, and straight toward the nearest point he held his

animal came to a sudden stop, nearly pitching his wounded rider forward over his head.
"Another confounded blunder!" exclaimed the boy, for before him ran a deep, yawning rift that he had never thought of before, yet knew was there.

precipitous. The rift was before him, and the approaching savages now completed the environing circle. Escape seemed impossible, and capture would be certain death.

Before him a tree had been felled so as to span the channel. The top side of this log had been hewn away to a flat surface over twelve inches in width. This had been used by the Indians as a foot-log, and the sight of it suggested a means of escape to the daring young knight. But he was wounded, as he believed, so that he could not walk. The only way he could effect his escape was by deserting his horse and dragging himself along upon his hands and knees the best he could. A moment's reflection, however, convinced him that he could never clude the savages by this means, and all hope had faded from his breast, when out of the darkness of the woods upon the opposite side of the chasm, a voice cried out:

"Dismount, boy, and cross on the log!" It was the voice of Old Arkansaw.

"I can't, Arkansaw; one of my legs is shot off, I guess," was the boy's cool response.

"Oh, great Babylon!—boy, they'll abolish you! See! they're comin' a thousand million strong! My God, Silver Star! what are you goin' to do, boy?"

The lad had turned his horse's head and was urging it toward the chasm.

"I'm goin' to ride over on this log, Arkansaw, or die in the attempt," replied the boy; "steady, Prince, steady."

"Farewell then, brave boy, farewell!" groan-

Prince, steady.

Prince, steady."

"Farewell then, brave boy, farewell!" groaned the old plainsman, as he saw the trained horse, obedient to its master's will, place its fore feet upon the narrow bridge and then with a spring plant the others close behind them. He saw the horse, with neck extended and form quivering over the precipice, take one step; but he saw no more, for he turned his head to shut out the scene that followed.

CHAPTER VI.

AN INTRUDER IN CAMP.

OLD ARKANSAW heard the sound of the horse's hoofs upon the log, and heard it snorting with affright; he heard the voice of his young friend speaking words of command and encouragement to his horse—he heard the wild screams of the approaching savages—all, seemingly, blended in one awful, horrible sound that numbed his very senses, and transfixed him with fear and terror. His heart seemed to rise in his throat, and a dreadful, choking sensation followed. They were the pangs and burnings of the most painful suspense that man could suffer; and it seemed as if they would never end.

Everything was on a blinding whirl about the old hunter. AN INTRUDER IN CAMP.

"Come, Arkansaw," success, voice, and a horseman swept past him. Arkansaw," suddenly exclaimed a

The spell was broken. It was the voice of Silver Star—the Boy Knight was safe! He had safely ridden his horse over the chasm upon the footlog—performed a miracle!

The old hunter started up, gave utterance to

a yell of joy, and putting spur, dashed away after the fearless boy.

Dumb with astonishment, the red-skins paused upon the edge of the chasm. Then a cr baffled triumph burst from their throats

few dismount, and running across upon the log, start in pursuit of the Boy Knight.

Away through the forest sped the two scouts. They followed the river a few miles, when they finally rode into the stream and crossed to the opposite shore. Continuing on, they soon reached camp, when Silver Star was assisted from his horse and his wound examined.

It was found that the ball had struck his

ankle, inflicting a very painful, but not dangerous wound. The whole foot and leg had been completely paralyzed by the shock; but this gradually wore off, leaving the sense of pain more acute. Captain Barns dressed the wound as well as

means at command would permit; and recom-mended a frequent application of cold water to allay the pain and fever

Already the soldiers had taken the necessary precautions to guard against a surprise by the Indians. Besides the four guards stationed at as many different points, the location selected for a camp possessed great natural advantages as a defensive position. It was guarded upon one side by the river, and then nearly surrounded by a horseshoe-shaped body of water upon the other sides, thus forming a kind of a penin-sula that could be reached only by way of a narrow neck of land.

The peninsula was about five acres in area—a low, sandy tract of land covered with tall, dense timber, and strewn with driftwood and debris, for the place was subject to overflows during high water.

In the very center of this point had the sol-diers lighted a camp-fire; and after the return of Arkansaw and Silver Star, and the wound of the latter had been dressed, and the story of their adventures narrated, all seated themselves around the fire and engaged in a quiet conver-

Thus an hour had passed, when suddenly a shrill, strange voice pierced through the solemn stillness of the place and started soldier and scout to his feet.

The tramp of feet and the cracking of dry brush was heard, and a moment later one of the guards came into camp, escorting as queer-looking a creature as it had been their lot to look upon in many a day; and what was most strange, the person was a woman—a white woman, well on toward fifty years of age.

She was dressed in a garb as odd and outlanding the shey converted appearance. Her dress was

ish as her general appearance. Her dress was made of some heavy, coarse material of a dirty brown color. It was scant in breadth and in length, and just reached to the tops of a pair of number seven army shoes. Over this dress she wore a pea-green jacket embroidered with red, and trimmed with rows of different-colored beads. Upon her head was a great, flaring bonnet that rose and fell like elephants' ears with each nod and motion of the head. Upon one arm she carried a small beaded sachel which appeared to be well filled; and in her right hand she carried a great, heavy and clumsy-looking umbrella that seemed to be the

worse of long usage.
"Well, by the Holy Jerusalim!" exclaimed

the fair stranger; "what under the moon and shinin' stars have you found, Rathbone?"
"A woman," replied the half-mortified sol-

dier.
"Yes, a woman!" fairly shrieked the female, with blazing eyes, while she shook her big umbrella over Arkansaw's head in a threatening manner—"a poor, sad-hearted and lonely woman—the wreck of former beauty, the victim of man's imperfidy and inconstancy—the relic of as owdashus an old scoundrel as led an innocent, confidin' gal to the hyenial altar. That's folks."

Indiana in lead to the recovery of Kit Bandy, you shall be liberally rewarded—if not one earth, in heaven. So now, good-night, folks."

'By the dancin' dervishes!" responded Ar-

kansaw, "it seems to me I've see'd you before, ole lady. Isa't your name Bandy—Mrs.—"
"Yes, yes!" she screamed, her whole frame set aquiver, it seemed, by mention of the name Bandy; "my name is Ellen Sabina Bandy—the wronged desarted and injured wife of that ow wronged, desarted and injured wife of that ow-dashus, ungrateful vagabone, Christopher Co-

That's it edzactly: I see'd you years ago down in Nubraska. Yes, gentlemen and sol-diers, this is the relic of old Kit Bandy, of whom

diers, this is the relic of old Kit Bandy, of whom I war tellin' you yesterday."

"Yes, and please gracious, I'll relic him when I git hands on him again!" added the woman.

"I'll put a stop to his rumagin' around over this hemisfear like a gay young courtier. I'll pluck his eyes out like a vulture—oh, you may laff and laff at a helpless woman till your diaframs rips wide open, but when you've suffered as I've suffered, you'll know how to sympathize with me. Not one mother's brat of you'd suffer half what I have, and keep your youth and beauty. Oh! but I'll make that ole vagabone smart like pepper when I meet him again! He promised, at the hyenial alter, to love, cherish and protect me till death did us part; and I'm detarmined to hold him in the breachin' with a square rein. He shall never lavish his hypocritical smiles and gallantries on any other female that ever wore hair—no, never!"

critical smiles and gallantries on any other female that ever wore hair—no, never!"

"Pr'aps, Mrs. Bandy," suggested Old Arkansaw, "if you'd smooth your feathers, and curb your conversational powers, when the old man's about, he'd remain with you. I reckon as what you go for him like jagged lightnin!."

"Oh, gracious preachers! hav'n't I melted myself into all smiles and sweetnesses and lovelinesses all for that ungrateful critter? And how, gentlemen, did he reward me? Why, it was tryin' to marder me," and her voice fell to a whisper; "yes, tried to murder me!" she again broke forth, with violent gestures, "by puttin' a burr under my horse's tail one day when I started for a ride."

"I'll bet you got even with him," said Ar-

'I'll bet you got even with him," said Arkansaw.
"Please gracious I did, ole covey! One day,
"Please gracious I did, ole covey! One day, when he was takin' his noon nap on a blanket under a tree on the banks of the Yuba, I brought the edges of the blanket together and sewed him up in it with a big stone at his feet. Then I rolled the old cavalier into the river—he! he! he!—and by means of a rope attached to the blanket Liet him down then healed him. to the blanket, I let him down, then hauled him

to surface, then ker-soused him under again; and in this way I made him beg like a hungry Italian. He promised to love me, to abey me, to be my own slave, to die for me if necessary, to—"
"Did he keep his promises?" interrupted the

"No!" she shrieked; "not a single, lonely one of them, the false, deceptive heathen! And it nearly kills me when I think of my galhood days when that owdacious critber come a-court-in of me so gay, with his pockets full of sweet-meats, and his tongue drippin' with nice poetry. Oh, what a fool I was! But I war young and handsome, the neighbors said, and every feller in the country courted my smiles. Foolish girl, I were; I sailed over a flower-bed and lit in a mud-puddle when I took ole Kit Bandy for bet-

"What does your husband follow, Mrs. Bandy?" asked Captain Barns, with a suppressed

smile.

"Everything under the shinin' sun, but mostly a nose bigger than your fist. He's been a preacher and a wood-chopper, a doctor and a hog-drover, a lawyer and a bullwhacker, a judge and a robber, and now pretends, I understand, to be a scout and a detective. But a purty scout and detective he'd make! If I detect he'd make! If I detect he'd make! purty scout and detective he'd make! If I detect him, I'll bet he'll get a scoutin' he don't want. He's been tryin', for years, to toll me off into the Ingin country thinkin' I'd git skalped, or a robber 'd steal me for lis bride; but, please gracious, I find the Ingins respect a white woman's beauty and virtue, so that I've been an honored guest wherever I went, whether 'mong Ingins or robbers. I've even been offered a home among the red-skins, and but yesterday that noble chief, White Crane, offered to make me a queen if I'd say the word. But I would not percept of the honor till vengeance is mine own. Oh, that the blessed day will soon come when I, Ellen Sabina Bandy, as queen of the great West, can look down with imperial dignity when I, Ellen Sabina Bandy, as queen of the great West, can look down with imperial dignity upon ole Kit Columbus Bandy, grovelin' in the dust at them feet beggin' to kiss the hem of my

royal robe!"
"You're too revengeful toward your husband, "You're too revengeful toward your husband, Mrs. Bandy," said one of the soldiers.

"Heaven forbid," answered the woman, seating herself upon a great, hollow log, and rocking herself to and fro as if to nurse her wrath and sorrows. She remained silent for some time, then she took a small slip of paper from her seaded and varieties it were revoked it in her sachel and reading it over, crushed it in her hand with a spiteful hiss. What she finally

did with the paper no one knew, but she disposed of it in a strange, sly manner.
"Well, Mrs. Bandy," said Captain Barns, "it is but my duty as a soldier and a gentle-man to offer you the hospitalities of our camp. We will do the best we can to make you

Oh, I thank you," responded the woman, in a lower tone. "I can't tarry. I heard you were down here, and so I come down to inquire if you had seen anything of my lost darlin', Kit Columbus Bandy. I must return to-night to the Indian town; I promised I would."

"Welk, we have seen or heard nothing of your

husband. Haven't! Well, I'll live on in hopes. My day'll come yet."
"Then you come and go among the Indians at

Yes; I've a passport to and from the Ingin village. It was White Crane.' It was given me by that noble Have you any idea that your old tulip, Kit

Bandy, is in this country?" inquired Old Arkan-"Yes, I have a purty strong idea that way; I see'd the track of a white man 'long the river t'other day that looks adzactly like that old blister's track. Whenever you see a track that looks like the imprint of an elephant's hoof, and follow it up, you'll find old Kit Bandy at the end of the trail."

"Well now look here Mrs Bandy" said

Well, now look here, Mrs. Bandy," said

Silver Star, rising to his feet, and hobbling over to where the old woman sat; "I'm scoutin' around through the country a deal of a sight, and I might be of some service to you upon condition you assist me a little."

"Well, I'll do anything in my power for you, son, if you'll jist watch out for my old blister, and report when you find him."

"Pil do so; and now I want to ask you one question; is there a young girl in the Indian vil-

None to my knowin's; and if there'd been "None to my knowin's; and if there'd been any I'd a-knowed it, rest assured. If there's a gal lost, like as not when you find her you'll find old Kit Bandy with her tryin' to make her believe he's a gay young soul, and that he loves her unto death, and that she ought to preciprocate. But, please gracious, them ugly old eyes and that big, alligator mouth, and them jackmule's ears, and them old gutters on his face 'll not let him deceive another young, beautiful and innocent gal—no, never!" and she punctuated her remarks by driving the end of her umbrella into the sand at her feet.

A moment's silence ensued, and as no one

A moment's silence ensued, and as no one seemed disposed to ask Sabina any further questions, she took a clay pipe and some tobacco tone:

Old Arkansaw, as his eyes fell upon the form of the fair stranger; "what under the moon and shinin' stars have you found, Rathbone?"
"A woman," replied the half-mortified sol-

ind a cloud of smoke. Now, men and soldiers," she finally remarked, "I'm goin' to departure, and, please gra-cious, I hope you will not forgit a wronged and injured woman. If you can give me any infor-mation that'll lead to the recovery of Kit

So saying, she turned and started happily away, puffing at her pipe and balancing her big umbrella upon her hands with remarkable

'I'll be etarnally blessed if that isn't a kind o folks we don't often see 'round this kentry!" ex-claimed Old Arkansaw.

The soldiers gave way to an outburst of laughter.
"She may be an Indian spy, boys," suggested
Silver Star, seriously. "I don't like the looks

of her."
"No danger o' that," replied Arkansaw; "but "No danger o' that," replied Arkansaw; "but then, she's a regular clipper; and mean as she makes ole Kit Bandy out as a husband, I tell you he's a glorious old hoss to stand in the harness with when danger's around, and I'd like to bump aginst him in these diggin's. I met him several years ago down on the Ree-publican; and I tell you we had a rollockin' good time. But, somehow 'r other, I hearn he'd been skinned aliye by the Incins and killed, and so I ned alive by the Ingins and killed, and so I never thought any more about him, than that a brave ole soul had gone to rest—harkee!"

The shrill, piercing voice of Sabina came to the ears of all; and listening to her words they found she was giving the guard, upon the riverside, a sound blessing for daring to challenge her and refusing to allow her to pass the lines. But their passage of words soon ended, and our friends at camp were momentarily expecting the woman back to report the guard, when to their surprise the guard himself appeared in great excitement.

"Captain," he exclaimed, "what for an in-fernal old witch was that you allowed to leave The soldiers roared with laughter. They saw

their comrade was perplexed, embarrassed.

"Why, Carlford, she was an innocent woman," explained the captain; "an innocent, have lessed woman."

"Innocent woman! well, at any rate she's got a tongue equal to forked lightnin'; and what's more, boys, she's a witch."
"Bah! that's bosh, Carlford," said the cap

tain, reprovingly.

"Bosh, or no bosh, captain, that woman, defying my challenge and threats, deliberately walked down to the water's edge, and walked out upon the stream ?"

A general laugh ensued.

"I care not what you say, that woman walked out across the river upon the water! I saw her on the open mooulit water. Her feet seemed surrounded by a dark nimbus, and of this I am certain. The current bore her down-stream sewers! rock before she disappeared in the shaseveral rods before she disappeared in the shadows of the opposite shore. I'll swear to it if it is my last words on earth!"

As Carlford was known to be a brave and truthful soldier, his story, so firmly persisted in, created no little excitement among his friends. It was too late, however, to make any friends. It was too late, however, to make any further investigations of the matter, and so

quiet was once more restored in camp.

About midnight the guards were changed, and those off duty concluded to lay down and take a few hours sleep and rest. Silver Star's wound had ceased to pain him, and he soon fell asleep. Old Arkansaw was the last to lie down, and when he did, all the rest were asleep. He was possessed of a large blue blanket with the was possessed of a large blue blanket with the figure of a ferocious tiger worked in the center in red, and an eagle with outspread wings in each corner. Laying down upon the dry sand, with his head in the hollow of his saddle, he drew this highly-prized blanket over him and

went to sleep.

The fire burned down, and the low, damp air of the peninsula became heavy and chill. This made the sleepers a little restless, but none of them awoke. Old Arkansaw tossed and flourthem awoke. Old Arkansaw tossed and f dered around more than his companions. nally he awoke to find himself uncovered. felt for his blanket, but he could not find it.

man, that 'u'd steal the only blanket off a sleep in' man, and then boldly lay down by his side and roll himself in it, as that hog's done, would cut a dead man's throat to steal the coppers off That dastardly trick is a disgrace to the uniform of the narrow-souled wretch that wears it, cussed if it ar'n't."

"Arkansaw, it is not a soldier," said a voice at the old man's side—the voice of Silver Star— who, awakening from his slumber, had over-

heard the old scout's remarks.
"Ay, 'tis you, Silver Star," the borderman exclaimed, with a sudden start; "but how do exclaimed, with a sudden start; "but how do you know it's not a soldier? He's covered from head to foot." I can see he is not a soldier, as well as you can see that he is, for neither can see the man himself. You know there are four men on

guard, and seven here in camp besides you and me. There lie seven forms, and that one in your blanket makes eight, so you see he is not a soldier but a stranger, be he red or white. But who it can be the Lord only knows."

"By the New Jerusalem! I am goin' to know!" exclaimed the old scout, white with rage; and drawing his revolver, he advanced toward the reposing so sweetly and quietly in his Be careful, Arkansaw," cautioned the Boy

night, "there is no telling what the result may what terrible tragedy is about to be enact-

CHAPTER VII.

OLD ARKANSAW paused before he reached the ostrate form wrapped in his blanket to con-der the words of caution given by Silver Star. hat danger could result from the situation? Had the unknown stolen into camp and taken his blanket to provoke a quarrel? and if so, was the quarrel to be the signal for an attack upon the camp by concealed enemies? Had the guards been circumvented and killed? and the

rest placed at the mercy of the Indians?

These questions the old plainsman revolved through his mind time and again; then he turned and awoke Captain Barns and his men. Ac-customed to such silent wakenings, the soldiers made no noise nor demonstration, but, rising to their feet, they seized their weapons, tightened their belts and looked carefully to the priming of their firearms. When all were ready for the worst, Old Arkansaw advanced to the side of the apparently sleeping intruder, and taking hold of the edge of his blanket, pulled it upward with all his quickened strength. The form was set rolling by this movement, and resulted in a n being tossed out upon the sand in full view

of all.

And a queer-looking specimen of humanity he was. He was tall and angular, with ill-proportioned limbs and with a bullet head set upon a long, scrawny neck. Large ears, a prominent nose, a wide mouth and small gray eyes were some of the natural appendages of his features—all of which seemed to have been placed upon the head and face of the wrong man, and were several sizes too large for the face they ornamented. A serio-comical smile rested upon the man's countenance, and as he rose to a sitting man's countenance, and as he rose to a sitting posture and gazed in feigned bewilderment around him, he exclaimed, in an indignant

"Dimnition! What in the name of the great Mogul does this mean, anyway? Horn of old Joshua! Can't a man take a quiet rest? Can't a weary soul lay down and sleep without bedbugs or pirates routin'him? Hav'n't you fellers got a smiggin of manners? Well, I've a notion and joined the warriors in their scalp-dance around the fire got a single of manufactures. We all the stuffin outen every mother's brat of you, confound your or—" By the stars above us!" burst from the lips

Old Arkansaw.
Well, now, what ails you, old reel-legged rsimmon knocker?" asked the intruder, turnig upon Arkansaw.
"It's old Kit Bandy, as I'm a livin' beauty!

responded the scout.
"Oh, horn that tumbled old Jericho!" replied "Oh, horn that tumbled old Jericho!" replied the veritable Kit Bandy, for he the intruder proved to be, as he sprung to his feet, and extended his horny hand; "if I hav'n't met my pious old friend, Arkansaw Abe! Give us your paw, Arky, you old skinflint, you! Dog my cats, if I knowed it war you when I 'propriated your blanket—not a bit of it, Arky. Well, bless my old optics! You're still aboard o' the great lifeboat, ar'n't ye? You're the same old Arkansaw Traveler ar'n't ye? Holy as you war Arkansaw Traveler, ar'n't ye? Ugly as you war the day you war born, ar'n't ye? Older'n you war

the day you war born, ar'n't ye? Ulder'n you war when I see'd ye last, ar'n't ye? Crows 's been trackin' yer face up, ar'n't they? Well, well, Arky," and the odd old genius again shook the scout's hand.

"Yes, yes, I'll admit all this, Kitsie, and that I'm powerful glad to squeeze your phalanges and metacarples ag'in," replied Arkansaw; "but I must confess that your youth and Adon's-like hearty is gittin' some'at marred by

Adonis-like beauty is gittin' some'at marred by the wear and tear of Time."

"I know all that, Arky, and more too; but you must remember that I'm a married man; and if you know anything bout married life, you know a man don't live like a little ambrosic god when reather distilled from sweeter. sial god upon nectar distilled from sweetest flowers by the hands of wood-nymphs and fairies. Oh, great horn of Joshua, no! If I war to tell you all the trials and tribulations I've had since I hitched on with Ellen Sabina Bandy for better or for worse—but always for Bandy for better or for worse—but always for worse—your hair'd stand out on end, and you'd want to shoot your own shadder. I don't b'lieve a devilisher old woman ever hopped on terry-firmy, or ever hatched up more blisterin' misery for man than that same identical Ellen Sabina Ban—"

The rest of the name was drowned in an out-burst of level the reform the line of Old Argansaw.

burst of laughter from the lips of Old Arkansaw and the soldiers.

The old intruder was now introduced by Arkansaw to Captain Barns and his men, when a general conversation followed. At length Old Arkansaw said:

Arkansaw said:

"Kit, ole comrade, would you believe it if I war to tell you that your wife, Sabina Bandy, has been in our camp to-night?"

"Great holy horn!" exclaimed Bandy, with a violent start, "you wouldn't say so for a fact, would you, Arky? You jist want to torture me a leetle, don't you? For the love of our constitushun, stab me in the back—shoot me, burn me—torture me any way than by such means.
The very mention of my wife's name gives me the compound-hydrophobia. Just think of that."

"It is a fact, Mr. Bandy; a lady calling her-self Sabina Bandy—the wife of Kit Bandy—has been here to-night," said Captain Barns, in con-

been here to-night," said Captain Barns, in confirmation of Arkansaw's story.

"Oh Lord!" groaned the old man; "I thought I smelt brimstone. Won't that woman last forever? Won't old Time ever mow her down along with the other pizen weeds and plants of humanity? The everlastin' old blister she is! I'll swear, I b'lieve she's a born witch. Where'd she go?"

"A-huntin' of you," answered Arkansaw.

"Blast, her old eves! Ar'n't she a ripper.

"A-huntin' of you," answered Arkansaw.

"Blast her old eyes! Ar'n't she a ripper, though, boys? Do you blame me mutch for cuttin' loose from sich an old brig and driftin' out to sea alone? Do you blame me, Arky?"

"Can't say that I do, Kit; but now I want to ask you a question," said Arkansaw.

"Peg away, Arky."

"How came you here in camp?"

"Them old stilts swung me down here, and as you war all asleep, I didn't think it necessary to wake you to tell ye I'd arriv'; but, takin' your blanket, for it was awful chilly, I laid down to—"

The report of a rifle burst suddenly through the night, cutting short the old man's words. "War! by the horn of Joshua! To arms!" yelled old Kit Bandy, at the top of his brazen lungs.

In a moment every man, with rifle and revolver in hand, stood upon the defense, peering into the gloom beyond the radius of light. The yells of Indians started the echoes of night and the next moment the guard, who had been on duty at the isthmus, came running into camp, pursued by a score and more of sav-

Take aim! fire " commanded Cantain Barns The crash of muskets and revolvers tore through the night with a horrible din, and with it were mingled the cries and groans of the redskins. A number of Indians fell. But others came from the darkness to take their places Two-score strong now pressed hard upon the little band of soldiers, forcing them back into e woods. They poured a volley of arrows and illets into their ranks. Two soldiers and Kit

Bandy fell. At this juncture Captain Barns saw that it would be certain destruction to contend with such odds, and at once sounded a retreat.

follow them, but his wolmded limb refused to obey its office, and he fell. The next instant the savages were upon him; he was a helpless

The victorious red-skins pursued Old Arkan-saw and the soldiers into the woods, but, favored by the darkness, the latter succeeded in reaching their horses and escaping to the main-

One by one the red-skins returned to camp eling satisfied with the capture of Silver Star To them the Boy Knight was more than all the soldiers would have been. To them he had been a source of constant trouble. He had been a dreaded scourge—watching and defeating all their well-laid plans.

And full well the young scout and spy knew his danger. He felt that there was no hope for him, wounded and helpless as he was. He yielded quietly to his fate, and inwardly mourned the death of Kit Bandy. He turned his eye upon the prostrate form of the old man. H saw the savages tear the scalps from the head of the fallen soldiers and spurn their bodies with the foot. He expected to see Bandy served in a like brutal manner; but to his horror and sur prise, he saw the supposed dead man move raise his head—glance around him, and then rise to his feet. He made no attempt to escape, nor did the red-skins offer him violence. On the contrary he was greeted with a yell of triumph which told that he was a friend of the Indian -a traitor to the whites! He was allowed the freedom of the camp. He conversed in the Indian dialect with the triumphant warriors. ordered them to bind the Boy Knight to a tree. They bound him firmly to a stunted pine. Then Bandy and some of the warriors went away to search for the soldiers and Arkansaw as Sil-

The savages left to guard the boy—a dozen strong—inflicted many cruelties upon him; but the brave lad bore them without a murmur. The search for Old Arkansaw and the soldiers went on, but without success. Those at camp tortured Silver Star until they became tired of their futile attempts to make him flinch. Yet they were wild and noisy—they were intoxica-ted with their victory. They danced and sung around the fire, with the scalps of the soldiers

flourished upon poles. The minutes wore away into a couple of hours, The young prisoner was suffering more from his cutting bonds than his wound. But, suddenly, he felt his bonds relax—felt some one be hind the tree fingering them, for they passed around the trunk of the pine as well as his body It flashed across his mind in an instant that some one was trying to release him; but who had dared venture there? Whoever he was he

and joined the warriors in their scalp-dance around the fire.

Silver Star felt certain that this mysterious chief had again endeavored to befriend him, and had loosened his bonds. But, what would this avail the boy! He could scarcely walk, nor could he escape by crawling. Moreover, he dare not move through fear that his bonds, that were still hanging in position, would fall to the ground and betray his liberty.

"At last," White Crane finally broke forth, as if mable to restrain himself longer, "has the young pale-face dog fallen into our power. No longer will he watch like a hawk the movements of the Sioux. My heart thirsts for his blood! The stake awaits his torture. Glory will it be to White Crane to see the flames leaping high around him, fed by the grease out of his own carcass. Let my warriors rejoice! On with our scalp-dance! Ha-ya! ha-ya!" and the old renegade went whirling away in a wild dance, between the stake avaries. enegade went whirling away in a wild dance, chanting a demoniac Indian song. The warriors collowed him, and for several minutes they continued leaping and singing and yelling around the fire, wild and crazy with the excitement worked up in their breasts and brains by the

words of their chief.
Suddenly, however, the renegade stopped short, and turning toward the pine tree, ex-

'Fiends and furies! where is the Boy Knight?" Every eye was instantly turned toward the tree. They saw the bonds of the lad lying upon the earth, but the boy himself was gone. Instantly the alarm was sounded, and once more a score of human bloodhounds went forth upon the trail of the Boy Knight of the Prairie.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 410.)

### BARBARA.

Barbara sits in her porch so green
All day long till the sun goes down.
She hears the buzz of her sewing machine,
She hears the hum of the distant town,
And sometimes the drone of the hive sedate,
Or the tick-tack murmur the mill-wheel makes;
But at every step at the garden gate
A pause she makes and a thread she breaks:
And sadly saying, "He comes not, then?"
She sighs and turns to her sewing again.
Summer winds, can ye bring no balm
To a weary bosom that knows no calm?

To a weary bosom that knows no calm?

Summer and winter, and early and late,
Doth little Barbara sit and hark
Fo-that one swift step at the garden gate
That never comes of shine or dark.
I wonder, if she but the truth could know
That is kept from so many fond, anxious souls,
That her lover's head hath been long laid low
Where the grassy sea of the prairie rolls,
How long would it be ere window and door
Would be empty both, and her waiting o'er?
Oh, winds, west winds, will ye never tell
What long ago in your wilds befell?

Nay, leave her be; let her knit and sew,
And linger and listen, and watch and wait.
In its own good time there will come, I know,
A message for her at the garden gate—
A whisper will breathe in the anxious ears,
Her wasted figure a soft arm fold,
And the love and trust of these weary years
Will bring their reward in bliss untold.
Though watching and waiting consume our prime,
'here are angels in heaven that bide their time.
Ye winds, blow lightly! still let repose
The happy ignorance Barbara knows.

The happy ignorance Barbara knows

## A Heart History;

BLIND BARBARA'S SECRET

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE. AUTHOR OF "THE MISSING BRIDEGROOM,
"THE HUSBAND OF TWO WIVES," "WHO WAS GUILTY " "ELSIE'S PRISONER," "WHOSE WIFE WAS SHE?" "THE DIVORCED WIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED. CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

In the meantime, Stephen was keeping a keen, though quiet, outlook. Not a person entered the room, or left it, unnoticed by him. He was manifestly impatient to rid himself of his com-

and fresh for you. Let me put you in the car

riage?"
"Thank you; I'm in no hurry." Just then a shrill whistle came from down the

Janey took out her watch.

The "Firefly" had left the dock, and was on her way to New York.

A minute or two later the express train came

n, and the two went out upon the platform. They stood there silently until every passen er was aboard. ger was aboard.

Then Janey said—quietly, as though in response to something from him:

"She is not here, you see."
Stephen changed color.
"She?—who? What do you mean?" "I mean the young girl you were watching for; my sister's late governess."

What new vagary have you got into your "Nothing new, unfortunately. But we will not discuss the subject in so public a place. The train having gone that you were so anxious to take, and left you behind, perhaps you will accept my sister's hospitality for the night, and a seat in my carriaga". eat in my carriage

Stephen followed his wife to the carriage without speaking.

He would have assisted her in, but she forestalled him, and, gathering up the refns, waited for him to take a seat by her side.

In the mean time fears and conjectures were busy in his heart.

He stole a furtive glance at his wife; but her face, though a trifle paler, looked much the

Was this mere suspicion on her part, or had Irva betrayed him?

He knew enough to understand that she had roumvented and baffled him

How he hated her!
"I could kill her!" he said to himself, in a rage, more fierce and deadly because he dared give it no outward expression. "And I believe shall, some day.

They were approaching a rude bridge across a deep, dark ravine. He could hear the water gurgling over the jagged rocks, a hundred feet The impulse came strong upon him to fling

her over it.

"You can make it appear to be an accident!" suggested the devil, that was busy at his heart.

Just before the fore-hoofs of the horse struck upon the bridge, the slender hand tightened on the reins, and the docile creature stopped.
'I think I ought to tell you—" how calm and clear that voice rose above the tumult that raged within—"I think I ought to tell you, Steraged within—"I think I ought to tell you, Stephen, that I have made my will; and that you will not be benefited by my death. On the contrary, the annual allowance that you have hith-

erto had from my estate will be lessened one-half. Go on, Charlie. "
In obedience to that gentle command, Charlie trotted over the bridge, and down the steep de clivity that led from it.

Stephen's heart almost stood still Did she suspect his murderous intent, and say this to show him its folly? 'I believe she's in league with the devil!" was

'You have the right to do what you will with

your own property."
"Only so far as I have the will to do what is "One would suppose, however, that your husband had as much claim upon you as any one."
"One would naturally suppose so, yes."

Stephen studied his wife's countenance for a

moment.

"It is easy to see that you have been listening to lying stories about me, Janey. Because I haven't always done right, it don't follow that I'm guilty of everything that's laid to my charge. The girl you alluded to is a mere adventuress, as can be proved—"

"Stop! Stephen; I will not hear you blacken the name of an innocent girl, and simply because she is innocent. She never told me one word; all I know I have obtained from other sources.

all I know I have obtained from other sources. I heard, before I came up here, of the young girl you put under the care of a certain woman in Brooklyn, and the deception you practiced on her. I had no idea of her identity with my sister's governess until the day you met. Your words, your manner, aroused my suspicions, which further developments strengthened to certainty. More than that, I am convinced that there was some understanding between you and Miss Weston, else why were you at the depot, on the watch for her?"

"I was not on the watch for her. Though I Il I know I have obtained from other sources.

"I was not on the watch for her. Though I don't suppose it is any use for me to deny it, or any of the rest of your charges."

"Look back upon the past, and ask yourself if you have given me any reason to rely upon our word.

your word,"
Stephen made no reply to this. He was evidently alarmed at his wife's discovery; this alarm being based on the most selfish and mercenary considerations.

There was silence between the two, until the carriage turned from the public road into the broad avenue that led to the house.

Then Large scales

broad avenue that led to the house.

Then Janey spoke.

"Stephen, for ten years you have been my husband only in name. When I first discovered your unfaithfulness to me, I virtually separated from you, as you know. Still, I did not deprive you of that for which you alone sought my hand; all these years you have enjoyed a liberal allowance from my estate. Aside from this, I have paid your debts many times; I have overlooked your frequent infidelities, your shameless disregard of all truth and honor. Because I retained any lingering spark of the love I once had for you? I tell you, no! Because I entertained any hope of your eventual cause I entertained any hope of your eventual reform? Any such hope as that died long ago. It was simply to keep you from rushing from bad to worse, and from worse to utter ruin. When I am convinced that the means afforded When I am convinced that the means afforded you are only an instrument in your hands for inflicting further wrong upon yourself and others, that will cease, also, and our separation will be complete."

There was no opportunity for Stephen to reply, if he had felt inclined to do so. When his wife ceased speaking, they came into full view of the piazza, on which Kate and Miss Weston were straining in the bright morphish.

of the piazza, on which Kate and Miss Weston were standing in the bright moonlight.

The former came running down the steps.

"Why, Janey! I was getting worried about you. And Stephen—I didn't know you were expecting him?"

"I think Janey must be gifted with second-sight," said Stephen, with a constrained laugh.

"I sent her no word, for the simple reason that I did wot know it myself, until just before I I did not know it myself, until just before I started. But she was promptly on hand, which I consider very fortunate, as it saved me quite a

It is said that "liars should have good memo ries." Stephen forgot what he had said about returning on the next train, or rather remembered it too late.

Janey noted it; but she was too much accustomed to these prevarications to feel any surprise; she certainly manifested none.

She simply said:
"I consider the strong premonitions I had that I should find you there, as very fortunate—very fortunate indeed."

CHAPTER XXII.

ACROSS THE OCEAN AND BACK AGAIN. WE will now transport the reader across the ocean to a London hotel, where, beside a cheerful fire, sits 8 man not more than sixty, though his white hair makes him look some years older. The table, beside which he sits, is strewed

with papers and letters.

He has an open letter in his hand, whose worn envelope is covered with postmarks, and in whose contents, and the thoughts to which it gives rise, he is so much absorbed as not to no-

tice the entrance of a younger man, an old ac-quaintance of ours, Richard Harrington.

"Well, uncle, everything you mentioned has been attended to, and we bid fair to start on our trip to Germany to-morrow morning." "My dear boy, I regret giving you so much unnecessary trouble, but I am going back to the United States by the next steamer."

Richard glanced from the excited face of the speaker to the letter he still held in his hand. You've had no bad news, I hope?"
(r. Cameron handed the letter to his nephew.
I don't know, as yet, whether it be good or

bad."
Richard read the letter, which consisted of only a few lines, through twice. There was a look of pity in the eyes that he lifted to those fixed so intently upon him.
"What do you think of it?"
"If you hadn't had so many such letters—"
Here Richard paused, unwilling to destroy

the new-born hopes that had sprung up in that desolate heart.

"But this is different from any of the others.

Here a name and positive address are given.
Don't you see?"

"It will do no harm to go there at all events. God grant that you may not be disappointed "It is very generous in you to say th Richard. But it will make no difference in a arrangements for you; you will have a son's portion, at all events."

oration, at all events."
"My dear uncle, as you have kindly allowed
me to call you—I cannot forget that you are
Janey's uncle—not mine—you have already
done more for me than I had any right to expect. You have educated me, giving me every advantage that your own son would have had Now if, with these broad shoulders of mine, I cannot push my way in the world, I must be made of very poor material."

Mr. Cameron looked with fatherly pride and

affection into the face, glowing with manlin and conscious strength. and conscious strength.

"No one would think that to look at you; even if they did not know you as well as I do. And that reminds me. How does your wooing progress with Miss Weston?"

"To be quite frank, it hasn't commenced yet.

To be quite frank, it has it commences yes.
I tell you what it is, uncle, I mean to marry a
poor girl."

"But not one of low family, Dick; I should
be very sorry to have you do that. The girl,
herself, may be all right, but the associations and influences that surround her will be sure to and influences that surround her will be sure to work you evil. To this I owe my desolate life, so full of pain and sorrow. I pray that you may never make so great, so sad a mistake. Now, my dear boy, I am sorry to deprive you of the pleasure of our projected tour; but you shall not lose it altogether; I will take care of that. While any doubt rests upon my mind in regard to the matter mentioned in this letter I could not rest. It has been a long time on the way, as you will see by the date. So we will take passage by the first steamer."

take passage by the first steamer."

They had a short and pleasant passage; landing in New York nine days later.

Mr. Cameron scarcely waited for needful rest or refreshment, but started immediately

rest or refreshment, but started immediately for Edgecombe, from which the letter was malled, that had affected him so strangely. Richard accompanied him. Though his heart impelled him so strongly in another direction, he would not let him go alone.

His heart was full of pity, as he saw how restless and excited his uncle grew as they neared the place of their destination. He had had so many anonymous letters on the same subject, that he had no thought that it would settle the doubts that so tortured him, and he dreaded the doubts that so tortured him, and he dreaded the effect of every fresh disappointment on one whose life had been full of so many such.

On leaving the depot, they struck out across an open field, and following the directions given them there, soon found themselves in front of

# -E--- Whie Barurony Foundary -E----

the small, low cottage, to which we introduced the small, low cottage, to which we introduced the reader at the commencement of our story.

It had lost much of the neat, trim appearance it had then; the gate was broken and the vines dismantled from the rustic porch.

A man was splitting wood just outside.

"Does Barbara Worth live here?" inquired Mr. Cameron.

Mr. Cameron.

The man looked puzzled.
"Is it buind Barby, ye mane?"
"Yes, she was blind, and her name is Bar-

bara."
"Sorra a bit does does she live here now, at all, at all! I heard say that she was out of her head, like, an' Miss Sutton tuck her to some doc-

"Sutton!" repeated Mr. Cameron, in an excited tone and manner, "what Sutton! Was her Christian name Lucia?"

"I'm thinkin' that was her name, sur. I only knew her as the leddy that lives in the big white house on the hill—or did live there."

"Where is she?"

"That I couldn't tell you, sur," said the man, with a solemn shake of the head; "she's dead."

Richard smiled at this non-committal reply, while Mr. Cameron looked as though he was uncertain what to do next.

certain what to do next.
"If this woman was Lucia Sutton," he said to his nephew, "she is the person I have been trying to find so many years, and who I am now more convinced than ever was at the bottom of all these troubles. But if she is dead, and Barbara Worth cannot be found, there is nothing to the done as I es?"

pleasant, intelligent-looking woman, with a baby in her arms, had come out of the house and stood listening to this conversation.

She now spoke "Barney, I don't believe but what Elsie Pringle could tell the gentleman what he wants to know. You know she lived with Mrs. Sutton, and went with her when she took blind Barby Where does this person live?" said Mr. Cam

eron, turning to the young woman.
"She keeps a variety store in the village, sir It's on Main street, on the right as you go down. You can't miss of it."

Mr. Cameron put some silver in the chubby

hands of the baby; then the two retraced their way back to the village.

Going down Main street, they soon came to a little shop, on the door of which was very con-spicuously lettered: M'SS PRINGLE'S FANCY STORE.

On one side of it was a show window, in which were displayed specimens of the various articles sold within. As they opened the door, the sharp ring of a bell called a woman out from a room in the

It is our old acquaintance Elsie, looking very much the same as when we first met her, with the exception of a slight limp. She passed round back of the counter, to where her supposed customers stood. "I wish to see Miss Elsie Pringle."

That is my name."
You lived with the late Mrs. Sutton?" Elsie looked uneasy, scanning more closely than she had hitherto done the countenances of

her visitors.
"Well, yes, I lived with her—why?" "Do you know what became of Barbara Worth, commonly called Blind Barby, who went with Mrs. Sutton to New York last The uneasiness so plainly visible in Elsie's face.

now changed to fear and distrust.
"No, I don't. I didn't have nothin' to do with her goin'. She seemed sort o'crazy. When we got to New York, she grew worse, an' Mrs. Sutton sent her to some doctor. That's all I know 'bout it. Did you want to buy any-

Here Richard said something to his uncle in a low voice, who replied to him in the same

Then the latter turned again to Elsie.

"I have something of importance to say to you, and must ask a private interview."

Elsie led the way, with visible reluctance, to a little room back of the shop.

It was evident to Mr. Cameron that she knew more than she was willing to admit, for fear of compromising herself, though in what way was a puzzle to him. It almost seemed as if she was alarmed for her personal safety.

"If there's any hin' wrong," she commenced, in an agitated voice, "'tain't my fault. I waited on Barby and did jest as Mrs. Sutton told me, and if any mischief has been done, I ain't to blame for't."

Mr. Cameron was convinced by Elsie's words and manner that some foul play had been at-tempted, if not perpetrated; but the first thing to be done was to allay her apprehen-

sions.

"You are not going to be blamed for anything. Nor will you be harmed; unless, indeed, you refuse to give me the information I am sure you possess. On the contrary, if you answer my questions truly and honestly, you shall be liberally rewarded."

Elsie looked wistfully at the bank-note that Mr. Cameron took from his pocket-book, say-

ing: Of course, I'll tell you anythin' I know, sir."
"Well, then, what was Mrs. Sutton's object in taking Barbara Worth away among stran-

gers?" Well, sir, she said she wanted to consult some doctor about her?"
"I didn't ask you what she said; I asked you what you believed her object to be? Mrs. Sutton is dead; you surely have no reason to fear

her now?"
"I think 'twas because she was afraid she'd "I think 'twas because she was arraid she'd tell something; in fact, she told me so."

The uncle and nephew looked at each other.

"She did? Now you tell me you waited on Barbara; was her mind really affected, or was it simply a pretense on Mrs. Sutton's part? Re-member that your only safety lies in being per-factly frank."

fectly frank."
"Well, sir, there ain't no denyin' but what

"Well, sir, there ain't no denyin' but what Barby was out of her head, but I think'twas somethin' that Mrs. Sutton give her that made her so. I minded that she always had them queer spells after she'd took some of the wine or cordial that Mrs. Sutton kept by her."

"How did it seem to affect her?"

"At first, it made her giddy an' crazy-like; then she grew stupid, an' didn't seem to take no notice of nothin' nor nobody. A good deal of the time I dressed an' undressed her as I would a baby."

Before Barbara went to New York, did she "Before Barbara went to New York, did she live quite alone?"

"Yes, sir. She lived in a little cottage out of the village, that belonged to Mrs. Sutton."

"Did you ever know of her having a child with her, a girl?"

"No, sir, only Mrs. Sutton's daughter. She had the care of her, I think, from a baby."

"How old is this daughter?"

"I couldn't tell exactly. I should say she must be eighteen or nineteen; something along there, sir."

there, sir."
"You think this girl is Mrs. Sutton's child?"
"She was always called so. It ain't more'n eight years ago since Mrs. Sutton come to Edgecombe; so her daughter was quite a girl

when I first saw her. Mr. Cameron Mr. Cameron looked attentively at the speaker. If she had any doubts on the subject, or knowledge of facts, beyond what she stated, she was evidently determined to keep them to

herself.
"How long has Mrs. Sutton been dead?"

About six months.

"About six months."
"Where did she die, here?"
"Oh, no, sir; she was killed on the cars last summer. I, presume you heard of it; two trains coming together, owin' to some mistake about the time. There was a terrible loss of life. It was a great escape for me. I was sitting beside Mrs. Sutton only a few minutes before; but there was a lady on board on her way to be coverned in a femily she was acquainted to be governess in a family she was acquainted with—Miss Lane, I think her name was—an' she told me to give her my place, so I took a seat on the other side. I hadn't much more'n got

comfortably fixed when the trains met. Mrs. Sutton an' this lady were so crushed that if it hadn't been for their dress they couldn't have been told apart, an' the only hurt I had was or

Cameron listened very gravely to this. "It was a terrible death. I knew Mrs. Sutton some years ago, when her fate promised to be very different. Now I want to find this blind woman, Barbara Worth. Where did Mrs. Sutton take her when she left New York?"

"I didn't go with her: I stayed with some relatives I had in the city while she was gone. She told me, when she got back, that she'd left her with a doctor, in some place on the Hudson." Twan't more'n two weeks after that she was

"Did she leave no letters or papers that could give any clew to this doctor's name and addre

Elsie glanced at the bank-note, and then at the face of the speaker.
"I don't know; perhaps I might find somethin' of the kind." "If you can, and will give it to me, I shall not only be greatly obliged, but will give you this fifty-dollar bill."

Elsie looked at the note that was held up to her, as if to make sure of the amount; then rising with alacrity, disappeared behind a curtain at the further end of the room. She soon reappeared with an empty directed nvelope in her hand, which she handed to Mr.

It bore this inscription: "Dr. John Garvin, Poughkeepsie, N. Y." "This is the doctor's address with whom Bar-bara Worth was left?"

Rising to his feet, Mr. Cameron put the envelope into his breast-pocket, and the bill in the eager hand held out to receive it.

We must go directly back to the city, Dick, If we hurry we can catch the next train."

CHAPTER XXIII.

RICHARD'S VISIT TO FOREST HILL. Ir was night when Mr. Cameron and his nephew got back to the city; and as anxious as the former was to follow up the clew he had re-ceived, he was obliged to defer it until another

They went to a hotel.

After supper Mr. Cameron went to his room to obtain the much needed rest, but Richard went round to see Hannah.

The reader will remember Hannah Prouty, in whose lodging-house Irva found refuge on her

good woman was surprised and delighted

Among the many questions that poured in upon him, she found time to inquire about Irva, who held a warm place in her heart.

"Is she still at your sister's, Mr. Richard? I hav'n't heard nothin' from her or seen any of

your folks to inquire."

"I presume she is; there is where I left her.
I expect to see her to-morrow. Uncle Charles has some business up the Hudson, and I'm going as far with him as sister Kate's. What shall I

as far with nim as sister Kate's. What shall I tell Miss Lane from you?"

"Give her my love, for one thing. And tell her that she mustn't forget her promise to come an' see me whenever she comes down."

"I will, and I won't forget my promise to bring her, either."

"What nonsense, Mr. Richard. But you always will have your joke."

ways will have your joke."
"It's no joke at all, Hannah," laughed Richard, as he ran down the steps; "when you see her, you'll see me.' Richard was as good as his word; reaching Forest Hill about noon, in the midst of the first

now-storm of the season.

As he rode up to the door, he looked eagerly toward the school-room windows, hoping to catch a glimpse of the form, so often present in his sleeping and waking dreams. But the blinds were closed, and there were no signs of life in that part of the building.

He found Kate all alone, with the exception of the children.

of the children.
"Janey went back this morning, and as John had some business in the city, he went with her. You must have passed on the way. You spoke about uncle Charles; why didn't he stop

with you?"

"He had some business beyond. I presume he will stop on his way back. You know the search he has been making so many years; he thinks he has obtained a clew now that will lead to some definite conclusion

Kate looked disturbed. She had always enter-tained hopes that Mr. Cameron would make Richard his heir; loving her brother too well not to feel uneasy at a discovery so likely to

ove adverse to his interests. What has he discovered? Anything of im-

portance?"
"I don't feel at liberty to state just what it is, even if I understood it fully, in all its bearings. But, however it may result, I hope that it will remove the cruel uncertainty that has tortured so long one of the noblest hearts that

During this conversation, Richard had kept his eyes and ears on the alert, thinking that something would be said or occur that would lead to the subject that was uppermost in his

By the way, Kate, I called on Hannah when I was in the city. I found the good old body full of lodgers, and as busy and happy as a bee. She sent a message to Miss Lane, that I must forget to give her." Kate's countenance underwent a noticeable

change.

"Miss Lane, as she called herself, is gone. George Lane came on from the West, and declared that she was not his sister, nor any way Kate was totally unprepared for the effect of

hese words on her brother. He started to his feet, confronting her with a ok that she never forgot.
"And you sent her away?"
"Of course. You don't think I would keep

her after learning the deceit she had practiced? But it was a great surprise to us all. I was never so deceived in any one in my life!"
"In your favorable estimation of her character—and I know from your own lips that it

is favorable-you were not deceived in her, Kate's face flushed hotly.

"I never thought to hear my brother defend uch conduct as this! In my opinion, a young irl that could plan and carry out such a de-berate and systematic deception must be very

It was not her plan, it was mine." Yours! "Yes, mine. It was my suggestion that she enter your family in the way she did enter it. In fact, I had to exercise all my powers of per-

n to induce her to consent suasion to induce her to consent."

"Richard Harrington! if any one else had told me that you would do, or countenance such a thing, I wouldn't have believed it!"

It was a peculiarity of Richard's that he saw a ludicrous side to most everything, and the amazement and horror in his sister's uplifted eyes and hands brought a roguish smile to his

"That is very possible; only let your censure fall where it belongs, on me. The sin and folly are mine, and I don't propose to share them with

"It's all very well for you to say that, but it's my belief that she came here for the ex-press purpose of entrapping you into marrying her."

You were never more mistaken in your life,

Here Richard related to his sister what the

"lt was not my intention to leave you in gnorance of these facts," he said, in conclusion; "as soon as Irva had been with you a few days, and you felt interested in her, as I felt sure you would be, I intended to tell you just as it was. But, Miss Weston came—and various other things, not necessary to mention now, deterred me. As you know, I was called away very un-expectedly. I left with the intention of writing you about it, after I had been away a few weeks, or else defer it until my return, which I supposed would be in three or four months.

For the first time in her life, Kate was seri-

ously angry with her brother.

"What you tell me makes it no better for her, and much worse for you. What right had you to place in my family a woman, picked up in the street, and of whose character you knew

"Kate, answer me this one question: Did you ever see anything amiss in this young lady while she was with you? Was not her conduct, in every respect, gentle, modest, and womanly? You told me, yourself, that the children never behaved so well as they did when under her care and influence."

Kate remembered what she said, and her brother's allusion to it only increased her an-

"I don't care if I did! It was a contrived plan, on her part, to make you think her a piece of perfection; and it seems she succeeded!" Here Kate's excitement culminated in a burst

Richard waited, with all the patience he could nuster, until this had passed. Then he said: "I sent her a letter, directed to this place did she get it?"

"It came on the day she left. I was just on the point of sending it to her, when I heard she was gone."

This was the truth, though not the whole truth, as Kate well knew. In her brother's present mood, she did not dare to be hards before ow long the letter was in her hands before Irva's departure.

"One question more: Where did she go?"
"I don't know where she went."
"Do you mean to tell me, Kate, that you don't know what direction she took when she left

John got the impression that she returned to New York. I never inquired where she was going; and I am very glad, now, that I didn't."

Kate looked at her brother in amazement. In all her life, she had never known him to betray much feeling and excitement as now.

He walked up and down the room for some comments without speaking. Then, suddenly turning, he confronted her.

"Kate! I love that girl with all the strength
of my manhood; I never knew how well until
now! I will search the wide world over, but
I will find her; and I give you fair warning, if am so fortunate as to win her affections, that

shall make her my wife!"
In spite of his sister's entreaties, Richard re-turned to New York on the next train.
In the next Herald was the following "per-

IF IRVA will send her present address to the Herald office, she will greatly relieve the anx lety of her Brother Richard. (To be continued—commenced in No. 403.)

THERE IS NO DEATH.

BY MRS. JERNINGHAM.

There is no death, the suns go down To rise upon another sphere; When Nature kindly clouds the sky it is that men may rest from care

The roots that hide within the earth Give nurture to the buds and leaves; Life moveth every sentient thing, God gives the life that each receives.

When the spring animates the earth, Nature, sweet mother, rises again, Calls all her children from their sleep, Her voice is never heard in vain.

And music, let it rise and fall In martial strains or dulcet notes, Exerts an influence o'er the soul As on the air each cadence floats. When chaos clouded every space, God in His wisdom gave us light. Which still doth bless the universe Even when hidden from our sight

The land and sea together blend, The waters as they ebb or flow The great Creator's praises sing.

Man is of all God's works the best; For man He died upon the tree; The life that animates the soul Will live through all eternity.

Eternity, mysterious word,
That only Faith can comprehend,
Faith that will lead to teaven above
All those who sit on God's right hand.

## Glad to Get Home.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

THE golden glory of the autumn sunshine THE golden glory of the autumn sunshine, deepened by the near approach of a glorious sunset, fell over the low white farmhouse, and the fresh, green lane, and the little brown gate. And lingered with loving touch over the auburn hair of the pretty girl at the gate, as she stood tapping the latch impatiently with her dimpled hand, a frown on her fair face, and a decided pout upon her red lips.

Her companion, a broad-shouldered, tall, good-looking young fellow, leaned with folded arms upon the rustic fence beside the gate, looking into her downcast face, or rather at it, while he spoke seriously to her.

Hettie Thornhurst was the dearest little farmer's lassie a man ever loved—and of course

mer's lassie a man ever loved—and of course Harry Johnson loved her, but she was a willful

little piece, too, and just now her will was in op-position to her lover's.

For Hettie did not like the farm. She longed for a taste of gay life in the glittering city, and never remembered, silly little thing, that the pretty robin red-breast, such a dear little bird in his own nest, could never be happy among a gorgeous group of brilliant birds of Paradise. And now Hettie had an invitation to spend the whole winter with a rich aunt in New York, and Hettie wanted to go. More especially as she had lately had a gift of five hundred dollars from her grandfather, and felt herself able to

go in style,
Harry Johnson did not want her to go, and
he had just been telling her so.
"Putting myself out of the question, pet,"
said Harry, as Hettie stood tapping the gate
latch, "I don't think yeu ought to leave your
mother. She does not seem stout this fall,
and there's too much work here for her to do

alone."
"Let Tom hire a girl, then!" pouted Hettie. "That would be a heavy expense, and you know Tom wants to pay off all the mortgage your father left on the farm this year."

"It can wait," cried Hettie. "I'm sure it von't cost Tom anything if I go. I have grand-

lips.

"You see, Kate, you may know a person all your life, and oe deceived in him."

"It may seem very funny to you," was the indignant rejoinder, "but to me it is perfectly dreadful!"

"That is very possible; only let your censure

"That is very possible; only let your censure

"It may seem very funny to you," was the think your grandfather's money could be better spent than in fine dresses."

"Pray, how?" asked Hettie, quickly.

"If you were to invest it in some nice little

onice of property, now."

"Oh, yes! And then if we ever marry, the little property will be yours, I suppose!"

The instant she had spoken Hettie would glady have recalled her ungenerous words, for she well knew Harry Johnson was above any such

His face turned scarlet, he let go of the fence, and walked away a few steps. Then he came

but you do aggravate one so!"
"I will not aggravate you further, Hettie.
Your money is your own; do as you like with
it, and go where you like. But if I had authority over you I would certainly prevent this visit

Poor Harry was unfortunate in his choice of words this evening, for this speech roused Het-

tie's temper again.

Her eyes flashed as she cried, "You haven't authority over me, Harry Johnson, and if you go on this way you never will have!"

"Take care, Hettie!" cried Harry, turning

"I won't take care!" cried Hettie, recklessly.
"I believe the very best thing I could do would be to break the engagement before I go!"
"Do you mean what you say?" asked Harry, in a low tone.

Nothing could stop Hettie, now.
"Yes, I do! I dare say we would never get along if we did marry, so we had better quit

"If you go to the city, I suppose we had," said Harry, in the same deep, suppressed tone. "For you will be very likely to throw yourself away on some brainless fool who will never

away on some brainless fool who will never make you half as happy as I would, plain rustic though I am. But I'll give you one chance to reconsider this, Hettie."

"I don't want any chance! I don't intend to reconsider, and I'm glad to break!" cried Hettie, who seemed as if the demon of perversity had possession of her.

If Harry could have grown whiter he would

possession of her.

If Harry could have grown whiter he would. But he spoke quite calmly as he said:

"Very well, I shall never ask you to reconsider again. We will take this as final. You need not return my ring. I have no use for it, and no other girl shall ever wear it. Throw it away as you have me. But remember, Hettie Thornhurst, if you ever need a friend, while

Harry Johnson lives you have one who will serve you. Now good-by; I hope you will be He turned and strode away without even offering her his hand. Poor Harry! he came up to the little gate so happily a few minutes

fore, and he was going away so utterly mise

And Hettie, as she walked into the house, felt quite sobered, if not frightened, by what she had done. She would not dare to tell her mother and Tom, that was sure! She would not even take off Harry's ring till she went away, for now she was determined to go. The gentle mother, she well knew, would offer no objections, and Tom said he would as soon undertake to break four yoke of oxen as to manage her, so he, at least, would not inter-

She wrote aunt Julia she would come at once And a few days after, when she half resolved to give up the trip and stay at home, came a box from aunt Julia, shimmering silks and flashing bugles, and turned poor Hettie's head complete ly away from her simple home, and plain coun

She went to the city. And as Harry called to bid her good-by, she did not need to tell Tom and her mother that the engagement was broand her mother that the engagement was bro-ken. But she knew that he only called to keep down gossip, and his manner was so cold and constrained that she was glad when he was gone. And she tried to persuade herself that the dull, heavy heartache she felt was only vexation.

Aunt Julia received her rapturously, and immediately began to take delight in dressing her up in all the fine feathers she could think of.

up in all the fine feathers she could think of, saying a girl so beautiful could not fail to make an impression if she was well dressed.

At first it was delightful to Hettie too. But she soon began to weary of lying in bed until all the morning work would have been done at home, and dinner nearly ready. And she began to find it troublesome to dress and undress so receive tines a day, and to grow tireed of sitting many times a day, and to grow tired of sitting idle when at home, and of such a round of dinners, parties and balls, all so much alike.

But not for the world would she have owned this even to herself. And very soon a new attraction arose, which she thought she could never get tired with.

Hettie did make an impression in society, and was especially devoted. He was weathy and popular—was considered "quite a catch," and aunt Julia began to congratulate herself on securing one of the most eligible matches of the season for her young protegee.

And Hettie was so dazzled by the elegant dress and fascinating manners of Mr. Mortimer Burroughs, that she almost forgot the existence of near Herry Lohrson who gave more care to

of poor Harry Johnson, who gave more care to his horses than he did to his hands, and more thought to the condition of his harness than to the tie of his cravat, and who had more heart in his little finger than Mr. Mortimer Burroughs had in the whole breast covered by his immaculate shirt-front with its diamond studs. But this poor Hettie was doomed to find out

for herself.

for herself.

One morning she went out alone on an errand for aunt Julia. It promised rain, so she put on a plain waterproof and an old hat, instead of the dainty velvets and plumes she usually wore nowadays. She was seated in a street car on her way home, when two gentlemen came in, whom she quickly saw were Mr. Burroughs and Mr. Carter, who also belonged to aunt Julia's "sot" set."
She thought of the old hat and waterproof,

and a swift impulse of false pride and wounded vanity made her half draw her vail, and turn her face toward the window, so that, though they sat down close to her they could not recog-

Of course she could not help hearing what they or course see could not help hearing what they said; but she did not pay much attention until a remark from Mr. Carter arrested her.

"By the way, Burroughs, where is the fair flancee, these days?"

"Oh, she's down South yet, at her sister's.
But she will be here before Christmas," answer-

ed Burroughs.
"She will, eh? Then you'll have to quit flirtng, old boy! She won't stand it." Burroughs laughed. "Not she! But I fancy

my sins of that sort are not grievous."

"I don't know about that! There's the pretty
little Thornhurst"—Hettie started as she heard
her own name—"I declare, Burroughs, that her own name—"I decime, went far enough to look serious."
went far enough to look serious."
Well, she is a Burroughs laughed again. "Well, she is a pretty little thing. If Miss Glover didn't have the inside track, and the little Thornhurst had a

little more style, and a little more money, I don't know but I might have been serious. I'll own up to a little flirting there."
"You're too bad, Burroughs! How will she Oh, I expect she'll fret a little. But, law, she'll go home and marry some clodhopper in homespun, and forget all about me! See here,

Carter, we want to stop here."
And, to Hettie's infinite relief, the young men
left the car. Poor child! heart and brain were
both in a whirl at this sudden demolishment of both in a whirl at this sudden demolishment of her beautiful air-castles. This, then, was the man who had so dazzled her eyes! She felt thaukful now, through all her trouble, that it was only her eyes, not her heart, for she did not really love Mortimer Burroughs.

And a glow of generous indignation ran through her heart as she thought of Mortimer's "clodhopper in homespun," and of Harry Johnson in the same breath.

She had heard a report that Burroughs was engaged to a rich Southern lady, but did not believe it, for had he not made all professions to her? He had confirmed it now, himself, and Hettie felt that she could despise him for his

Hettie felt that she could despise him for his falsity—and well it was for her that she did feel But I must go home. I must! I will! 't be 'appy here!" she cried, as she foun-elf alone in her room at her aunt's. An d walked away a few steps. Then he came low to get away without offending kind aunt fury ago a woman in Legal to the confess the truth, and being obliged to confess the truth, she did not know. But she was determined to

ing you can say shall make me angry. But you know I did not deserve that cut."

"No, you didn't. I was wrong to say so. Forgive me, Harry, please! I didn't mean to, that was deserved to the could not contrive for a long time. Tell the truth she could not, the could not deserve that cut." came, so that no one could say he had jilted her. How to manage, she could not contrive for a long time. Tell the truth she could not, and for that reason could not write to Tom or

She thought of a plan at last, but had a hard fight with her own pride before she could bring herself to adopt it. At length, however, she wrote to Harry John-

"HARRY:—Last fall you said if ever I needed a friend you would serve me. I need one now, and I claim your promise. And the greatest service any friend could do me would be to write a letter calling me home immediately, for reasons so urgent that aunt Julia cannot refuse to let me come.

"Yours, HETTIE."

She sent her letter without any one being the wiser, and the next mail brought an answer in Harry's well-known hand, but inside it read

"DEAR HETTIE:—I am sorry to interrupt your pleasure, but your mother has been sick for several days, and I think it is important you should come home at once. I will be at the depot to meet you to-morrow evening. Be there if possible.

"Your affectionate brother."

"Good! good!" cried Hettie, clapping her hands as she read this; "the dear fellow has taken the hint, and written as if it were Tom, without any name, either! I can show this to annt Julia" So, armed with the letter, she went to her

So, armed with the letter, she went to her aunt. Of course this authority could not be disputed. Aunt Julia, with many regrets, and exacting a promise from Hettie to return as soon as she could—which Hettie inwardly resolved should be a long time!—let her go.

As she expected, it was Harry, not Tom, who met her at the depot, with his own carriage to drive her home.

drive her home 'Is mother really sick, Harry?" was her first

"Not seriously. She is confined to the house with a cold, nothing worse. But, I thought it would serve as a pretext."

"Nicely," said Hettle, laughing.
As they were driving home, Harry bent down, and looking into Hettle's face, asked:

"Well, Hettle, are you satisfied with city

life?

"Quite satisfied," answered Hettie.
"And are you glad to get home?"
"Very glad, Harry."
"Then, Hettie, I will do what I said I would not do just before you went. I'll ask you once more to reconsider what you said. Will you?"
"Oh, Harry! if you can forgive me, and care anything at all about such a fickle-minded girl as I have been!"

anything at all about such a fickle-minded girl as I have been!"

"Of course I can forgive you!" cried Harry, drawing her close to his broad, honest breast, "and I don't think you will ever be fickle-minded again! Oh, Hettie, darling, I knew my dear little brown thrush would tire her wings flying abroad in the great world, and be glad to fly back to her own little home-nest!"

## Work and Play.

A HAIR-PIN BASKET.

Annette asks: "How can I make a hair-pin basket? I do not know how to crochet the long loop-stitch used upon the top of most hair-pin baskets." Cut four pieces of perforated card exactly alike, about four inches long and three wide, and a fifth piece three inches square. Upon the four pieces embroider monogram, initials, or some pretty pattern in Berlin wool. Bind all five pieces with bright ribbon. Sew the edges of the four pieces together, lengthwise, to form a square, and sew the small piece into the bottom. Fill with coarse hair, and cover the top tightly with lace net, and then with a square of the wool crocheted. Add a row of ribbon, box-plaited, at top and bottom. ANNETTE asks: "How can I make a hair-pin

TO MAKE OVER BUNTING DRESSES.

MARION writes: "I have two bunting dresses, MARION writes: "I have two builting dresses, of different colors, both unfit to wear now. Is there any way in which I can make them into one dress? Is wide white rough braid of any use dyed?" Rip your dresses, and have them received a great deal of attention from young one dress? Is wide white rough braid of any men. One of these, Mr. Mortimer Burroughs, was especially devoted. He was wealthy and dyed black; you can then make them into a handsome house-dress or wrapper—trimning with some gay color—or into a black street cos which some gay color to the transfer of the tunne for next spring, by using self-trimmings. If you should be a little short of goods, use the unglazed cambric, that now comes for dress linings, to make the underskirt; trim this up linings, to make the underskirt; trim this up with the bunting. Many handsome silks are now made on these foundation skirts.—Yes; the braid will be as good as new, and nice to use to trim worsted goods.

"A POCKET." HERBERT GRAY. The cheap and convenient HERBERT GRAY. The cheap and convenient newspaper-pocket you desire may be easily made for you by any female friend or relative who will read these directions. Take two squares of white pasteboard (about half a yard square), and upon the center of one fasten a pretty picture surrounding it with a double box-plaiting of paper muslin of some bright color; the muslin cut in an inch-wide strip, notched on each edge, and used upon the unnotched on each edge, and used upon the un-glazed side. Fasten the two squares together at the bottom, and sew a puff of muslin in each side, widening from the bottom up to about five inches. Put a wider notched box-plaiting all around the front of the pocket, and across the sides, and all around the inside, and a loop of

the same, going from edge to edge, to hang it TO DO UP LACE.

Miss D. N. B. asks: "Is it possible for me to do up lace, myself, so that it will look real nice? I want to wash a collarette of Valenciennes, and some plain thread lace, and a Duchesse lace handkerchief."—We think you can succeed, if you are a neat and patient person. Wash your collarette in a lather of warm soap-suds, to which a few drops of spirits of ammonia has been added. Do not rub any soap upon the lace, nor rub the fabric with your hands. The article in which you do your washing should be of porcewhich you do your washing should be of porce-lain or china, that you may let the lace souk; then, gently, dip it up and down, and squeeze carefully. Rinse, clear-starch it very stiff, and, when dry, iron. When ironed perfectly dry and stiff, fold small and lay in a saucer filled wth the best sweet or olive oil. After the starched lace has soaked up all the oil that it will, wash it again in warm water, without ammonia or has soaked up all the oil that it will, wash it again in warm water, without ammonia or soap; stretch a piece of white flannel, with tacks, upon a clean board, and pin the collarette thereon to dry, using the finest needles or pins, and putting in enough to hold every point in place. If watched carefully and kept smooth while drying, it will look like new. The handkerchief should be sewn with finest recelles and cetter, upone square of flannels of same needle and cotton, upon a square of flannel so as to hold every point, scallop, and leaf, in its place; then wash in a warm lather of soap and ammonia, and stretch the flannel, with tacks, upon a board to dry. Watch while drying, upon a board to dry. Watch while drying, and, if necessary, press, when thoroughly dry, upon the wrong side with a slightly warm iron. Sew flannel tightly around glass bottles and jars; upon the flannel, round and round, baste the thread lace, following the same directions given for the other laces. Plunge the bottle given for the other laces. Flunge the bottle into warm soap-suds, soaking and changing the waters, until quite clean; rinse in warm water, and dry in the sun. When quite dry rip the lace away from the bottles, and fold carefully. Do not press unless absolutely necessary.

Dr. Holmes, while lecturing to his class in anatomy at the Harvard Medical School upon the differences in length and the peculiarities of tongues in general, observed that about a central production of the control of tury ago a woman in London made her living by licking her eye; but that she used most of



Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 26, 1878.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealer in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid:

One copy, four months, Two copies, one year,

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full-State, County and Town. The pa-per is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any late

number.

TAKE NOTICE.—In sending money for subscription, by mail, never inclose the currency except in a registered letter. A Post Office Money Order is the best form of a remittance. Losses by mail will be almost surely avoided if these directions are coloured. followed.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business should be addressed to

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

### IN OUR NEXT

## MADCAP.

The Little Quakeress;

THE NAVAL CADET'S WOOING. A Romance of the Best Society of

the Penn City. BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,

OF HEARTS." "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC.

Of singular interest, beauty and subtle power, this enchanting serial is really four love stories in one—a revelation of four girls' loves and fates, and a romance of "the best social circles" in the quaint old city that throws a steady light into parlors and homes not often

Willful, Provoking Coralie, the Madcap, Pure, Faithful, Beautiful Ethel,

invaded by the "interviewer."

Artful, Weak, Ambitious Myra, Misled, Misused, Ever-grateful Olive ;

all are "heroines" in the story sense, and yet all are but actors in one most eventful series of circumstances that test and try them all, to the very soul; and the story, hence, is a most powerful presentation of the mystery of the woman heart, mind and nature. Not less, too, is it a searching and significant portraiture of

The gay, dashing, honorable Cadet,

The dissolute, mean, desperate Garwell, The high-toned, trusty, devoted Evelyn, The plain, straightforward Ignacio;

all are masterly characters that bring into strong relief some of the best and worst quali-

### Joseph E. Badger, Jr., Again!

Soon to commence, a powerful and exceedingly striking story from this admirable delineator of Wild Western Life, viz.:

### Happy Jack and Pard;

THE WHITE CHIEF OF THE SIOUX

A Romance of Sports and Perils of Post and Plain.

While it is a most truthful delineation of life in the still savage West it is deeply absorbing in story-original, novel and almost surcharged with the interest of the conflict of savage and outlaw and ruffian life with the incoming civilization. It will command an

### Sunshine Papers.

A Lesson for All to Learn, HARD times! Bless us, how delightful it would be to hear about something new! We never remember hearing of good times, except the "good time coming;" and it is so long on the way that we have fears it will not arrive before the millennium. But hard times-bah it has been hard times ever since one's cradle

Were there not bard times-financial panics, business crashes, innumerable failures, and all those horrible affairs for which the men nowa days hunt the morning papers daily, and with which they season their breakfast and cheer their families-in 1857? And did not the black days of secession and rebellion follow fast after. when prices went up to fabulous figures, and poor men found joining the army a salvation from starvation? That was when a yard of white muslin was worth its weight in gold. sugar was precious as silver, tea more valuable than gems, and everything else eatable, or drinkable, or wearable, or needful in any way

Those were hard times; and we have heard of nothing but hard times ever since, though there came a season of seeming prosperity, when rents and real estate brought in fabulous amounts, and people learned to make and spend money recklessly. Ah! that was the hardest time of all-for the evil habit of recklessness affected the rich and the lowly alike and the working people in their efforts to keep up with their wealthier neighbors forgot what frugality and economy meant. As merchandise fell in prices they bought more instead of

who hold it, and stocks are depreciated, and of business are everyday occurrences, and workmen and clerks are thrown out of employment, and wages and salaries are being every where reduced, and there is much declared suffering and much suffering endured in seeret, few have money laid by upon which to fall back in this their time of need, and fewer still know where to commence to save.

That is one secret of the hard times. Another lies with the business men who are really doing well, but not coining money fast enough o suit their rapaciousness, and so make the times" an excuse for all sorts of injustice to those they should now be most willing to help.

The head of the family—we mean the father of the family, but thought best to explain, since "women's rights" are rather severely asserted in some home-circles, if nowhere else -daily declares that "the times are awful! awful! truly awful, sir!" He goes home and sits at his dinner with severe face. He lifts his voice in prayerful invocation over the meal -using words that he has so often used before that he says them with great solemnity while he is thinking of bis day's profits; and his thoughts never rise higher than the roof of his own four-story house -and then commences in the most earthly frame of mind to criticise the

"This is a fine dinner to give a man when he comes home and expects some hing nice! Potatoes and steak-sirloin steak, too, I do be-

"But, John," says his connubial mate, "you get a good dinner in the middle of the day. "And what if I do?" he growls, without mentioning the soup, roast turkey, five kinds of vegetables, dessert, and glass of ale, he took at one o'clock; "a man must have something to sustain him when he has to slave day after day to support a family "-his slaving consisting mostly of lolling in a cosey office-chair and chatting with customers, while wife is home sewing, and tagging about the house from reakfast-hour to dinner

"Well, I will not get sirloin steak if you dislike it; but porter-house steak, and rib roast AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "WAR beef, and poultry, and such things cost so much for a large family like ours; and you say it is such hard times!"

"Hard times! Yes, I should think so!" he says; "but we can't starve; you must retrench in other ways. Why, to-day I cut down the salaries of my porter, and entry-clerk, and bookkeeper.

"Poor fellows! they are all married, too; seems to me that was rather hard," says the wife, gently.

"Oh! you women never understand things. Banks are bursting and business-houses failing every day, and we must begin to retrench; and the clerks must not expect to get as much now as when times are good; they must learn to spend less!

"Well," says wife, "I suppose you know best. Can you give me three dollars, John, to pay the old man who tends the furnace?" Three dollars! Where are the ten I gave you last week?"

"I paid seven for plain sewing, to Mrs. Jones, and one to the Pastor's Aid Society, and two to the dressmaker." "Seven for plain sewing when you have a machine! You ought not to be paying for

plain sewing these hard times." "But, it is a real charity to give it to Mrs. Jones, for her husband has been sick and out of work for over a year, and she has her house-

rent to pay and three little children to sup-"Charity begins at home," says the business man, sententiously. "Times are too hard to be supporting other families than one's own, and fifty cents a month, nowadays, must do for the Pastor's Aid Society, and the up-stairs girl

must see to the furnace in future. Poor old Jim and his old wife would starve if he could not get furnaces to see to; besides, the servants do not think it their place to do such work."

"Then you can get new servants, and teach them to know their place. I'm not going to pay a dollar a week, in such times as these, to ave the furnace fed. Here are the three dollars, and you can tell the man we don't want him any longer; and, by the way, here are twenty-five dollars to pay for the new pants and vest, and a box of cigars I ordered.

That's the style! That is what hard times neans to certain men! They cut down on their church expenses, cut down on charities, take the bread out of the very mouths of the poor people who have worked for them, heartlessly turn them adrift, lessen the number of their employees and send home those they retain with the news that their salaries have been reduced twenty-five per cent., but they do not curtail a cent upon their house and personal expenses, nor deny themselves a single neces sity nor luxury. Times are hard, but they keep them easy for themselves by the dastardly process of making them harder for others.

Ah, when these people come to die-if it is possible for them to send messages to their friends on earth—they will controvert with innumerable proofs the theory lately advanced by a most sensational and erratic theologian, that there is no hell! They will learn then, what they never learned on earth—the true meaning of hard times!

And while the hard times of to-day may be teaching us of the present generation a lesson in self-denial and economy that we need to know, that fact will not mitigate the retribution that will overtake those who forget, in these times, to "do justly and to love mercy." A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

"A touch of Nature makes us all akin:" that s why a good love-story is so enticing to all, for every man and woman living who have a human nature have felt the thrills, throbs and throes of "the grand passion," and recall much of their own emotional experience in the revelations of the author who writes as Corinne Cushman does with a masterful and cunning pen. Her new story-to commence in our next-is quite sure to lead the reader's attention captive.

### THE MORAL OF "ITEMS."

DID you ever think what a deal of the drama of life may be witnessed by the perusal of a few items in the newspapers, which, if placed together, would show "high" and "low" humanity, in its relations to causes and effect?

For instance, one reads of a young millionaire who, last winter, presented his lady-love with a diamond necklace, valued at \$50,000, and sundry other gifts, of but little less value.

How would it do to put under this the parathing.

How would it do to put under this the parathing of the hody of a F. graph relating to the finding of the body of a voman frozen to death in the cold street, Then may come the item of the discovery of | to the street.

the body of a poor hetrayed girl, floating in

as finely as the wife of his employer. And left to claim the form that once held a pure beyond others, and our li—
now, when real estate is almost a curse to those soul and had an untarnished name. Why F. Yes, your lie is beyond all others I ever should not these fortune-tellers, quack doctors factories are closed, and failures in all kinds and medical charlatans, have their advertise- alments appended to this item? You cannot see what one has to do with the other, but you would, if you knew the whole story of that girl's life. You think that, for her death, at east, she has no one to blame but herself—as she was a suicide. I believe others were as

> and pushed her into the river's bed! Just below our eyes, we catch a few lines re-marking that such a boy had left his home and run away to sea. The comment thereon seems to be, how was it possible for a son to leave ing your policy for a good the parental roof to seek so precarious a life as your children and your wives.

much to blame in the taking off of that poor

creature's life, as if they had stood behind her

that of a common sailor The answer I can easily find in the following paragraph on another page: "Harshness with, and tyranny over children, are not of such a nature as to cause them to love home; and, if persisted in, will cause more than one youth to eave the homestead, believing that no place can be worse, and many much better, than their own homes.

you may discover—for the case is a very mon one nowadays, more's the shame—the em bezzlement of the cashier of a bank or the confidential clerk of a large mercantile house, and our wonder is why a person with a fine salary and a good reputation should sink himself so low as to become a thief. How will this paragraph fit the above case: "Extravagance and the mania for speculation are stepping-stones to guilt. If a person would but live within his income we should hear less of crime, and the individual himself would be far happier and his conscience less troubled." But, my good friend, they will not do it. "I will have as much money as another, I will have as fine clothes and as fine horses, even if I cannot afford it. I can speculate."

And he does speculate, not with his own money, but his employer's; the speculation fails, the money cannot be returned, the clerk or cashier absconds. How much good has his

speculation done him, pecuniarily or morally?
"The body of poor young —, killed in a drunken brawl, was carried to the home of his parents, a home bare and meager enough; there seemed to have been something wanting to make it feel homelike, and we are told that it always had that cheerless, desolate look even before young --- commenced his downward

"The gambling and liquor saloons are ablaze with light; they are warm and magnificently furnished - that is, those of an aristocratic (?) character. It is to the interest of the proprietors to have them so, in order to draw the custom of respectable young men.

Moral: If you want to keep your boys at nome, you must make home as attractive as the places abroad, filling them with different kinds of pleasure and showing them that 'home is the kingdom, and love is the king."

Surely if it is to the interest of the proprieors of the questionable places to have them as attractive as possible, in order to draw custom, s it not to the interest of all parents to have heir homes as attractive, in order to keep their children there and prevent them from having a desire to seek their amusement elsewhere Is it not a duty? EVE LAWLESS.

In Albert W. Alken's new City life story, soon to come, we have this favorite author in his "home-field." No living writer knows the city's ins and outs-its highways and byways-its good and bad people-better than he; and in Joe Phoenix, the Police Spy, our readers are to be served with something they will all welcomemen and women readers alike.

### Foolscap Papers. After a Policy.

HE was a seedy, over-ripe specimen of an Insurance dead-beat; a living personal example of a bad policy, got up on an unreformed plan. His brains wouldn't average one inch to the foot, but his sublime brass went two miles to the inch. He was full of statements, and figures, and could talk you into apoplexy in ten minutes, and then call for another vic-tim. You couldn't shut him up any more than you could shut up a door in a new house, and when he'd begin he didn't know where to stop any more than a stranger in a strange town and the hotel bursted.

The other day this agent went to call on old Fizzem, who was exasperatingly rich and car-ried no policy, but was good for 10,000, anyway, if he could be induced. The agent approached his domicile, grabbed the door-bell and jerked the servant-girl to the door, who ushered him into the presence of Fizzem, and the following

AGENT. Good-morning, Mr. F. I came to talk a little Insurance this morning, and— FIZZEM. I have no time to spare, sir; please all another time.

AGT. Yes, time is short, that is the reason verybody should take out a pol-But I am very busy, sir.

AGT. Yes, I see you are all business, and as a business man you will not fail to see that F. You don't require any policy on your

cheek, sir. Agr. Indeed you are right, sir, but-F. I would be glad if you would have more

mmediate business elsewhere, and were on the

AGT. I wanted you to see our new rates and -F. I would be pleased if you would shut my front door from the outside.

AGT. Please do not get hasty, as I came to stay a short time with you only, and give you such an insight into the beauties of Life Insurance that will induce you to-Sir, you will feel dreadfully put out

about the second thing you know. AGT. My dear friend, I never allow myself

starved to death in a city of wealth and charity? show you the direction of the door that leads

saving more, and the wife of the clerk dressed the water of the Hudson, with scarce a friend per cent. below any other company; our assets

heard. I have wasted too much time with you AGT. Mr. Fizzem, all time wasted this way

is gained. I can offer-Your hat is in your hand, sir, and the sound of your receding feet would be peculiarly pleasant to my ears, at this moment.

Our new plan consists of-F. A small bit of your absence would satis fy me more than your presence at the present oment, and if you stay here you will get my application very quick.

AGT. I. sir, am yours to command, but ] annot see how I am to leave here without taking your policy for a good sum. Think of F. Think of yourself. It seems to me that

you are inclined to be impudent. My wives! AGT. Not in the least, sir. A life Insurnce agent has never been known to be so. Modesty was the bane of our family ever since they started out.

F. Sir, if you wish to make a new start into the world you will have no better chance, and you can start now by the way of that door

Look a little further on in the paper and AGT. Our company is entirely new F. Yes, but you are getting to be old, and I prefer to hear the echo of your feet down the corridors of time, and also down my front

> AGT. But, Mr. Fizzem, I called upon a visit of solicitation, and beg to offer a few— F. I beg to excuse myself for you leaving so abruptly, but the fact is, Mr. Agent, that you are untimely called away and cannot stay onger, although you are very sorry for it, and I accept all untold apologies. The front door opens from the inside in case of fire or other frantic exits, and the way is otherwise clear.

AGT. Please accept a chair, Mr. Fizzem, and be seated. I offer you the hospitalities of your house. Make yourself at home. I have abundance of leisure on my hands and am willing to lose any amount of time in convincing you that our comp-"

F. Sir, your company has already become obnoxious to me, and I can get along without it. I do not desire it. You are running a risk upon which there is no insurance

AGT. An Insurance agent never takes an insult. They are a class of humble persons who bear and forbear, and occasionally bull-doze, but they mean well, and always look to the welfare of humanity, for which they live, move and talk, and-

He was suddenly impressed with an idea that there was a hand grasping the collar of his coat, and that he was going at an Insurance rate, toward the door, with an occasional kick as if it came from the hind leg of a Keely motor, and in the struggle he fairly shed the hall full of blanks, circulars, pamphlets and other Insurance documents, and with an eighty-ton gun kick he was shot through the front door, and bumped against an old gentleman who knocked him down. He got up astonished at his own power of endurance, and left, saying

that he'd call the next day.
Fizzem said: "Yes, you call here again and there will be an Insurance report and an agent missing. I'll take your life, sir, cheaper than

you want to take mine. The agent merely looked back smiling, and wished him good-day.

Launce Poyntz' most charming and intructive series, "Woods and Waters," will be followed by the same characters in a new field, where the Rifle and Revolver are the weapons, and the game is the buffalo, bear, antelope, etc.—an anouncement sure to please the old boys and young who have read the first series with unbounded de

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

## Topics of the Time.

—A single tree out on the Pacific coast re-cently furnished seven logs twenty-four feet in length, and scaled 25,540 feet.

—They have struck a borax bonanza in Nevada, and the Wisconsin *Gazette* apprehends that Senator Jones will now demand the remoneti-

zation of the borax dollar. —Fourteen bushels of chestnuts were sent last autumn through the mails, in small packages, from Merrimack county, N. H., to Helena, Mon. The postage amounted to \$102.37.

-Maurice Vignaux, the French billiard expert, has issued a challenge to all billiard players, including the Paris professors, offering to give any one who takes it up 300 points in 2,000.

-Sir Wilfred Lawson, the temperance member of Parliament, says that a jail chaplain once told him that in his experience only one teetotaler was ever brought before him, and that was a man who thrashed his wife for get-

—The Russian soldiers wear a sort of hood called a bashinick. The fashion originates with the dwellers on the borders of the Caspian Sea, where it is worn by both men and women. The finest bashinicks are of camel's hair, and are light, soft, and warm.

There are over thirty unwedded diplomats at Washington, including the German Minister and his Secretary of Legation, the representatives of Italy, Venezuela, Belgium, Costa Rica, Turkey, Chili and the Netherlands, besides seven unmarried clerks and attaches in the Spanish Embassy, four at the British, four at the French, three at the Japanese and two each

### Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Fortunate Shot;" "The Two Spies;"
"The Don's Ward;" "The Forest Tragedy;" "The
Money Maniac;" "John Lowerton's Love;" "Adjuration;" "Oh, Sea;" "Little Texas;" "Sleigh
Ride;" "Turkey Hunt;" "Robbers' Pocket;" "Adyenture with Storm," etc.; "How Near She Came."

Declined: "The Eventful Walk;" "Fanny's Forune;" "How Fred April Fooled His Sister;" What is Friendship?" "Give What is Yours;" "A winter Game;" "The Secret of the Old Barn;" "A dustanger's Love;" "Seven Years too Late;" Who He Was;" "The Midnight Visitor."

George. Adverb of place, qualifying the verb strode. See your grammar. J. J. O'c. Crop the hair short; cool the scalp daily and use the comb freely.

SANDY. Every metallic acid injures the teeth. The enamel of the teeth is pearl—that, any strong acid will dissolve.

SALLIE R. The score of all the operas are published at from three to five dollars each. Any leading music-dealer will supply them.

FIREMAN. There are several manuals that will help you to study me hands and the steam-engine. Write to D. Van Nostrand & Co., Publishers, N. Y., for their catalogue.

OLD GRIMES. We are not familiar with the plant you indicate. The winters in all the Northern States are too cold for the tall pampas grass, save

FARMER CARE. We should say if your friends treat you coldly, when others are present, it is because they, for some reason, don't want others to know of their regard for you. The proper course to pursue is not to visit there any more, until they apologize.

EYELET. We can hardly express a choice among the sewing-machines. They all are good. Much depends upon the kind of work to be done. We know of none that work button-holes. *Don't* buy a machine and pay by "installments," for you will be charged at least one-third more for it. PHIL HARDY. Glue will not answer for rubber PHIL HARDY. Glue will not answer for rubber soles.—Red ants are best destroyed by setting plates around their haunts covered with a thin baste of flour sweetened and having in it a very little of Fowler's solution of arsenic to poison them.—Nothing so good to make you strong and healthy as good food, proper sleep and abstinence from tobactor and strong drink.

Miss E. A. N. It is the style for young ladies who ride or drive to have a ribbon tied upon their whip, of the same color as that which they wear at their neck, or in their hair, or of the color that predominates about their costume. Gentlemen, when driving for pleasure in a handsome carriage, also adopt this style somewhat; but we would advise its being confined to the use of the ladies.

JENNIE. The best preparation to use for putting JENNIE. The best preparation to use for putting in relief pictures, making scrap-books, or decorating pottery is clear starch. Mix a teaspoonful of tarch with as little cold water as will dissolve it, and pour upon it a few tablespoonfuls of bolling water; just enough to make it very thick. Do not boll as estarch; when cool it is ready for use. It is lear, sweet, and does not discolor the pictures less four-pasts, glue or mucillage.

ike flour-paste, glue or mucilage. LITTLE DOUBEY. The custom of a "Christmastree," on Christmas eve, comes from Germany, where it was first brought into notice by St. Matrenus, their first preacher of Christianity. Like other Christmas customs it was derived from pagans. On the sixth and seventh days of the Roman Saturnalia the children were presented with little pine trees, hung with toys. Tiberius gave such a one to his nephew Claudius. The Egyptians also had their palm tree, and the Buddhists their tree of votive offerings.

Henry M. T. says: "In helping a young lady into a carriage, which hand should you offer her? If you take a young lady out to dine, or for refreshments after an evening entertainment, is it customary to offer her wine?" Give the lady your left hand, and with your right one aid her in taking the long step from the ground, and in keeping her skirts from contact with the wheels.—No well-brought-up young lady would think of drinking in a public place, except with father, brother or husband; and you are safer if you do not invite her to do so.

do so.

Peachy N. The proposed new "Territory of Lincoln" will comprise (if the bill in Congress passes) the present south-western portion of Dakota, together with a slice of Montana and Wyoming. On three sides it has natural boundaries; on the south the line of Nebraska, on the west the Big Horn divide, and on the north the Yellowstone. The eastern is arbitrary, and runs through the barren lands of the Sioux reservation. In area the district is 70,000 square miles, and the population, which chiefly consists of miners, is about 35,000, or four-fifths of the entire population of Dakota. A plan for the Territorial government of the northern portion of Dakota, under the name of Huron, is also to be brought forward soon. Should both succeed there will still be enough of Dakota left to male a State as large as Ohlo.

George asks: "Will you please tell me what are

male a State as large as Ohio.

GEORGIE asks: "Will you please tell me what are nice subjects to write compositions about? I have to write one every week and can't think of any more subjects. Is there such a quotation as 'The oats have eaten the horses'? I heard some one say there was, and that it was in Shakspeare, but I don't believe it." Suppose you describe A Game of Base-ball; A Holi ay Dinner and Amusents; A Journey by Railroad, or Steamboat; the people you saw during a ride on a city horse-car. Dogs, their habits and deeds; the life of a farmer; the life of a merchant, sailor, or soldier; the dif-Dogs, their habits and deeds; the life of a farmer; the life of a merchant, sailor, or soldier; the different books you have read and liked; the principal places in some town or city which you have visited, are all good subjects for compositions.—There is such a quotation as "he oats have eaten the horses," and it is to be found in Shakspeare; so you see your informant knew more of that great writer than you.

Della asks: "Can you tell me of any remedy for habitually cold feet? Do slippers injure the shape of the foot? Is it impolite to ask a lady visitor to play for your friends to dance, if you cannot play for your friends to dance, if you cannot play yourself?" Habitually cold feet show that your system is not in a healthy condition. Diet yourself, and take plenty of exercise, both indoors a d out. Every morning bathe your feet in a bowl of cold water, and rub them dry, very briskly, with a rough towel; also brush them harshly, if possible, with a stiff fiesh-brush. This treatment will soon cure the unpleasantness you now experience.—Slippers are injurious to the feet of children, and young persons, as they allow the foot to spread, and weaken the ankles. If worn at all, it should be for very short periods, merely as a relief after heavy shoes; but never wear them when working about the house.—It is allowable to request a visitor to play, but you should refuse to allow her to play often, or long at a time. Much the better way, when you expect guests who dance, is to hire some person to play for the evening.

R. S. B. writes: "Iam engaged, and my lady and

at the Russian, Austrian and Italian.

—Professor J. H. Kerr, of Colorado College (at Colorado Springs), is the fortunate discoverer of some fossils of unusual size in the locality known as the Garden of the Gods, at the foot of Pike's Peak. The length of one of the animals whose remains have been found, is estimated at 117 feet. The formation is cretaceous, the bones are easily broken, and the animal figures are in part represented by casts.

—Home mission work is just now actively prosecuted on the North Pacific Coast of the United States. The Baptists of Oregon are about to provide a missionary steamboat to coast along Puget Sound, carrying preachers and preaching to the settlers there. The Rev. Sheldon Jackson of the Presbyterian Church, has founded a prosperous mission at Fort Wrangel, Alaska Territory. This point of the Territory has a permanent population of 500 white people and Indians, and a transient population, sometimes numbering 1,000 or more, partly composed of miners.

Americans are learning from the Mennonites. R. S. B. writes: "I am engaged, and my lady and myself are members of a literary association, where at each meeting one member is appointed to

and not be responsible for the accidents that might be incurred.

Agr. I hold an accident policy, sir, and am not alarmed; but I shall not allow myself to f a leave without the pleasure of enlarging on our new plans of Life In
F. I suppose I will be in need of a policy if you remain much longer. Can you not take a hint; but if you would take a policy in our company it would be a fair exchange, and I would bear anything.

F. You can take anything you please, but only leave the house or I will be compelled to show you the direction of the door that leads to the street.

Agr. Calm yourself, sir. We are twenty

# -E--- WAR BARURDAY RUMBNAG -E--

### MY ROSEBUD.

BY MAY MELVILLE

A rosebud once to me was given, To watch with tender care, That I might see its beauty bloom. And breathe its fragrance rare.

That rosebud! Ah, I loved it well, So fair it seemed to me; And when it petals would unfold How lovely must it be!

No glaring sunbeams e'er should scorch My rosebud pure and frail; No dew, nor ch lling mist should blight, Or make its brightness pale.

Thus sheltered from the sun and rain, That rosebud withered soon; A gilded vase, a bit of earth, Were left me of the boon.

Ah, me! The bitter tears I shed O'er that lost bud of mine! No more would graceful, glossy leaves. Like tendrils, round it twine.

Could it have felt the sun's warm rays, And sipped the misty rain, it might have been a blooming rose: These for it, now, were vain.

No sunny rays nor heavenly dews Could change that rosebud's fate; I should have known what care to give, But, ah! I learned too late!

Too late, too late! Oh, Father dear, Till it too late shall be Let us not hide Thy truth and love From hearts we'd lead to Thee!

Oh, Father, send Thy dews and rays, And make Thy servants wise; And grant Thy rosebuds given us here May bloom for Paradise!

## Tatty.

BY DEANE CHESTER.

"And a little child shall lead them. Snow underfoot, snow on all the housetops, blackened with city dust and soot, and a chilly, unpleasant suggestion of coming snow in the

On the old city bridge, where one could see only the black, icy river far below, and blocks of factories and tenements on its either bank,

of factories and tenements on its either bank, stood a poorly-clad woman.

From the roofs of the houses were flung out numerous lines of ragged, dirty clothing, signals of distress, flapping to and fro in the wintry air, and proclaiming from the housetops the poverty and sloth of the inmates.

But the misery of her surroundings was unnoted by this girl. Her thoughts were far away, and she paused every now and then with a look of expectancy upon her face which settled into one of despair as the wintry afternoon shortened.

She lifted her bent head with a cry of joy.

"How yer scare one, though. Who'd 'a' thought you'd be a-comin' from the other side?"

"I had business there, and that detained me.

"Could yer read it?" inquired she, eagerly, with burning cheeks.
"Oh, yes, I could make it out," he answered, carelessly. I got your note.

Then seeing tears in the large black eyes:
"You have done well, child. I am growing proud of my pupil."

These few kind words seemed to arouse all the sleeping tenderness of the girl's nature. She took one of his hands in hers and pressed her

lips to it.

A change passed over his face, an aristocratic face where the conflicting forces of good and evil had left their marks, and all his indecision and listlessness seemed gone. Without resistance on her part he took her in his arms and kissed her again and again.

"You love me dearly, Maggie, don't you? You've often said so, but of late I have doubted it. I doubted it last night when I saw that fellow with you."

low with you."

She clung more closely to him and looked up with the sort of dumb worship in her eyes that one sees sometimes in the gaze of a faithful dog. It was the untrained, devoted love of a passionate, ignorant nature.
"Yer know I love yer, Ray.

mind"—biting her red lips and stamping one foot on the frosty boards—"bein' ground into bits if it would do you good. I mean it. I'd kill myself any day if yer asked me to do it!"

He looked pleased, and pressed her more close-

Who was the fellow and what was he say ing to you?"
Oh, that was only Joe, and he was a-say-

She stopped short, and blushed violently was he saying? You must tell me

Madge."
She was crying hysterically now.
"Oh, I can't tell yer, Ray. He lies about you. He sez other people sez them."
"What do they say, darling? I'll make his words choke him yet!"
"But he sez, Ray, he tells 'em for my good. And then I told him he lied when he called you names. He sez, turning quick like on me, 'Call me a liar again, Meg, I like that,' sez he. 'He's 'a foolin' yer, and yer'll live to curse him!' Then I couldn't help a-tellin' him, Ray, though I was afeard you'd be mad. My grit was up, and I turned and sez jest how yer promised to marry me some day. He laffed and laffed when I sez that. 'Marry yer indeed! No, no, Meg, sich fellers never marries girls like you. Don't listen to him, dear.'"
"He called you 'dear,' did he?" asked her companion, quickly. "Insolent rowdy! Go on, Madge; tell me every word, remember."
"Well, then, Ray, he asked me to be his wife. He sez how he has always loved me since we

He see how he has always loved me since we was so high," measuring an imaginary distance from the ground with one prettily-shaped hand, "and then he took on so and cried and sez how he will kill hisself if I won't have him, and I felt

he will kill hisself if I won't have him, and I tents os sorry."

"You're like the rest, I see," exclaimed her lover, pushing her from him violently. "You felt sorry for him! Oh, Maggie, if you should love him or any other man but me!"

"Love him? I hate him!" cried she, fiercely, throwing both arms about his neck. "Oh, I love you, only you. It will kill me if yer leave me now! You believe me, don't yer?"

No man could have doubted such passionate earnestness and perfect abandonment of self.

For one instant he hesitated; then this ill-starred passion conquered his better nature.

"Listen, Maggie; I have much to tell you. It is getting cold, darling; we will walk slowly to your lodgings."

to your lodgings."

His next words were spoken more cautiously.
"Would you sacrifice, give up, a great deal
"'Lld given." I'd give up everything," she answered, in a

And you won't grieve, darling, for what I t help? I am so wretched to night, utterly miserable, and yet I can't get along without do-

She waited quietly for him to finish, and yet her trembling form showed that she anticipated his next words.

his next words.

"It is all my mother's doings, Madge. I am horribly in debt, or I wouldn't submit to it; I am to be married soon. I know you won't be silly enough to care if you weally love me. I must give my name and position to that plain, cold woman, but you shall have my love always. I swear it, Maggie!"

He paused beside her on the dark bridge and tried to take her in his arms, but she shrunk away from him with a cry of anguish.

"Don't touch me now, Ray. I know 'tain't yer fault, and I'm a fool to have thought yer meant it—to wait fer me till I got a education. I'll always love yer, fur somehow I can't help it, but I'll never study no more. Tatty shall have all my books!"

have all my books!"

Storms of sobs drowned her words.

"And what are you going to do, Maggie?" inquired he, with vague alarm.

"Me? What does that matter? I'll drown myself most likely. I've nothing to live for no more."

"Orown yourself! If you will only listen to reason you will live, live to be happy. If you were my wife I should soon grow to hate you. Now I shall love you forever."

A dark form shuffled past them now, and a voice said:

"Is that you. Maca"

"Is that you, Meg?"
She turned her face with a guilty start.
"Yes, Joe, it's me."

"Yes, Joe, it's me."

"Well, I must be going," said her companion. Then in a whisper:

"Remember, to-morrow at the same hour, to meet me here. Promise."

His gripe on her arm was painful. She promised in a faint, choked voice:

Joe waited a moment after he had left them and then said, kindly:

"It's too cold for yer here, Meg. Let's be amovin' on. Tatty's been a-worriting fur yer."

The stubborn look of defiance faded from her face and tears fell fast from her eyes in the darkness.

ness.

"What was she a-worriting fur, Joe?"

"About you, Meg. That child is like a grown woman. She telled me how you cried o' nights, and then she cried too a-layin' in her little bed as white as a sheet and as patient as a lamb, and sez she, a-startin' up: 'Save her, Joe! She's a comin' over the bridge from the factory. Don't wait,' sez she, 'but go and save her,' and so to peaceify her I come."

Meg never said a word to this, but quickened

Meg never said a word to this, but quickened Meg never said a word to this, but quickened her footsteps as they passed into a narrow, miserable street. Joe followed, well pleased at his companion's docility. They passed through a small door, ascended flight upon flight of stairs and entered a dark, poor room.

A number of candles were lighted about a small bed, and there, in the midst of the halo, lay a little figure so still and white that Maggie cried out with nervous horror.

The child opened her eyes.

The child opened her eyes.
"Oh, Maggie, dear, is that you? I was afeard
hen it got so late, darlint." Maggie wiped her eyes with a corner of her

Maggie wiped her eyes with a corner of her old shawl.

"Oh, Tatty, dear, it's wrong to be worriting jest because I'm a few minutes late. Who made it so fine with all the candles?"

"Joe," said Tatty, joyfully, clapping her little thin hands. "I dreamed of layin' in a white bed all lighted with candles and it was Christmas and the candles was so bright they lit way out in the street across the dark bridge and I wasn't afeard no longer, Meg, for they made the way so bright, and you stood on the bridge with Joe, dear, a-lookin' so happy, and you was all dressed in white as if you was a bride with white flowers on your hair and—"

"What nonsense you be a-talkin', Tatty," interrupted Meg, in some confusion.

"Well, I telled Joe this mornin' and he was so glad he took me in his arms and kissed me,

so glad he took me in his arms and kissed me, and sez he: 'Blessed lamb! she shall have the candles the way she dreamed,' so here they be, Meg, around my bed, and I'm to have lots more for Christmas."

for Christmas."
Tatty coughed violently and pressed one little thin hand to her chest.
"Meg, will yer read to me a bit?" she asked, after the pain had lessened.
Meg took a little worn book from her hand.
"Oh, it's the Bible, Tatty. I can't spell out the blessed words to night," letting it fall from her hot hand. "I feel too wicked, darling!"
And then Meg broke down, and in Tatty's arms told her as much of her grief as the child could understand.
"He's a wicked man, Meggie, and I don't be-

arms told understand.

"He's a wicked man, Meggie, and I don't believe God likes yer to love him so. Don't see him to-morrow. Come home to me. I can't be wid yer many days now."

"Oh, my darling," cried Meg, kissing her flercely, "don't say that. You get stronger and stronger every day!"

Tatty shook her head.

"Let us pray, Meggie. We will pray over and over about 'Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil;' don't you remember, Meg, we sez 'em together at the Mission?"

Meg knelt down and they prayed together. Surely a heavenly Father would keep this poor girl from sin, in answer to that prayer, even though her passionate heart should rebel again and again and madly urge her to destruction.

and again and madly urge her to destruction.

Tatty's eyes closed peacefully after that and Tatty's eyes close

Tatty's eyes closed peacefully after that and she sunk into a quiet sleep.

But the next morning she was worse, and Joe, at Meg's request, went over to the factory and gained for her a day's absence. He came in every hour himself from his neighboring shop, and although Tatty spoke but little during the long hours, she lay clasping both of Meg's hands in hers, and every now and then her lips would move as if in prayer. move as if in prayer.

As it grew darker she drew Joe toward her.

"I'll never see Christmas. Light the candles

So Joe put up all the candles about the bed and also a bright vision of a Christ-child which

Meg had made out of a shop doll-all white and The poor child sighed ecstatically at this, and smiled as the candles began to burn and flicker. Her lips moved again and Meg bent to

"'Deliver us from evil,' I have prayed it all day, Meggie. God won't let yer be wicked, darlint. Poor Joe. Promise yer'll be good to him, Meggie. Love him in my place, won't

Yer?"
The little eager hands clasped themselves around her neck, and Meg bent to receive her

Christmas afternoon they took poor Tatty to Joe and Meg were the only mourners. Meg left Joe at the shop, and then hurried across the bridge toward her home, so desolate now that she sobbed afresh at the thought of it.

she sobbed afresh at the thought of it.

A figure started out to meet her, as she neared the other side of the river.

"How dared you fool me so, Madge? I have been wild with fears. I thought you had grown afraid—that, like other women, all your love was mere talk when you found everything wasn't fair sailing," then, with a rapid change to passionate tenderness:—

"Oh my darling how I have longed for

"Oh, my darling, how I have longed for

Meg had turned deathly pale. Passionate love and desperate resistance wrestled in heart. At one moment she had almost yie to the tender eyes, outstretched arms and lov-er's tones, so irresistibly sweet; then Tatty's face, white and beseeching, came between them
—an impalpable shadow, invisible to him, yet powerful enough to wrest this girl from his influ-

without one word she turned from him, and passed, with flying feet, back over the bridge into Joe's workshop.

"Joe," said she, panting and breathless, "do yer love me as yer once did, Joe?"

Hearing her ask such a question, turned the honest fellow faint with joy.

"Because," sobbed she, "if yer love me, Joe, the yeard been me safe."

take me and keep me safe.'

take me and keep me safe."

Before he quite realized it, she was in his arms, and his kisses fell upon her brow.

"Please God, Meg, I will keep yer safe—safe and happy, too, if I can make yer life so."

"Well," said Meg, after they had been quiet for a few moments, "I feel so peaceful like as if I had been a-fightin' a hard battle, and now was at rest. How tired I've been, though! Tatty's prayer was answered to night, Joe."

ty's prayer was answered to-night, Joe."

And this was Tatty's last Christmas gift to those she loved so well. THE Rev. Phillips Brooks says that a back-woodsman, on hearing Bishop Mead, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, preach a sermon

in a frontier church without a manuscript, said:
"He is the first of them fine fellers that I have

ever seen who could shoot without a rest.

### WHAT IF LIFE IS DREARY?

BY OCTOBER JAMES.

Well, what if life is dreary, And we bear a heavy load? Why not sing songs that are cheery, To help us on the road?

Time flies, and soon our troubles, Like all earthly things, must cease. Then, why fret away at bub les, Which may burst, and end in peace?

What if trials oft assail us?
As we know, of course, they will:
If our strength does never fail us
We can climb the hardest hill

Then what if life is dreary, And we bear a heavy load? Let us sing songs that are cheery To help us on the road.

### Wife or Widow? OR,

ETHELIND ERLE'S ENEMY

BY RETT WINWOOD, WOMAN," "THE WRONGED HEIRESS," ETC.

CHAPTER XII. THE STRANGE LADY. "By day or night, in weal or woe,"
This heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And silent ache for thee."—By

Springing past him, Ethelind rushed wildly along the beach, and climbed the steep bank beyond. With her white, working face, and eyes strained in dead affright, she looked like a

poor, lost, terror-stricken soul fleeing from the voice of doom.

Raymond did not attempt to follow. He stood, wholly impassive, looking after her retreating figure until it was lost to sight; then a heavy with back from him lost to sight; heavy sigh broke from him.

"Poor Ethelind. I really pity the girl. But I cannot give her up. My love and my necessity alike forbid. The dower she will bring is sufficient to save me from financial ruin, and her sweetness, purity and goodness will be the means, perhaps, of saving my erring soul from hell?"

Biting his live and knifting his brown he ad-

hell."

Biting his lips, and knitting his brows, he added, in a changed voice:

"I can't stave off those rascally Jews much longer. They are getting more importunate every day. Unless the marriage is hurried forward with all possible dispatch, I am a ruined light.

His handsome brows were deeply corrugated, and he stood grinding his boot-heel into the yielding sand, as if, even in this trifling action, he found a safety-valve for the intense emotions

boiling within his soul.

A sudden peal of thunder aroused him.
Looking up, he saw that the tempest was already marshaling its forces. The jagged clouds had piled themselves together until one vast pall, of inky blackness, covered the western heaven.

heaven.
At the same instant he observed a woman's figure gliding along the sand, at some distance, with a slow, majestic tread. The figure held his attention by a strange sort of magnetism. It was draped in black from head to foot, but its proceeding noise and easy movements are as graceful poise and easy movements, even as seen through the intervening space, excited his curiosity and admiration.

curiosity and admiration.

"I wonder who she can be?" he muttered.
"Ah, I have it. That black-draped lady is the new proprietor of Lorn!"

Of course the gossip and marvelous stories still current concerning Mrs. Faunce, had reached Raymond Challoner's ears as well as those of other people; and, had he been less deeply absorbed in his own affairs, at this particular period, he would have given them some share of attention, long ere this.

Singularly enough, that mysterious figure, the instant his gaze rested upon it, caused a strange commotion in his heart. He felt drawnforward by an impulse over which he had no control. There was an unaccountable creeping sensation in his veins.

in his veins I must know more of that lady," he mutterw I feel deeply reluctant to permit

her to pass from my sight."

Yielding, without further resistance, to the spell that was on him, he hurried after the woman, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing he turn into an unfrequented path that led through a grove; for by this route the grounds of Lorn could be reached.

"I was right," he thought. "The lady is certainly Mrs. Faunce. She is closely vailed, and I am told that the new mistress of Lorn always goes abroad with her face shrouded."

The lady is certainly Mrs. Faunce. She is closely vailed, and I am told that the new mistress of Lorn always goes abroad with her face shrouded."

Children in the meeting a definition of another world. If I could see her face, pertainly Mrs. Faunce. She is closely vailed, and I am told that the new mistress of Lorn always goes abroad with her face shrouded." Still keeping some distance behind that black, gliding figure, he followed on stealthily to a thicket of acacias, not more than a dozen yards

from the house, and concealing himself therein saw Mrs. Faunce climb the terrace steps to a low French window that stood open, and disappea

French window that stood open, and disappear between the curtains of creamy lace that were quivering in the breeze.

Baffled and perplexed, Raymond stood perfectly still for some moments.

"I would give my right hand for a good excuse to invade that mysterious abode," he muttered, peering curiously through the parted branches at the gray, frowning walls of Lorn.

Three minutes later the desire of his heart was gratified. There came a blinding flash, a long, loud, deafening roar of thunder, and suddenly the rain began to pour in torrents, as if the flood-gates of heaven had been opened.

"This is fortunate," cried the young man, exultantly. "The way is opened by Providence. If I were a dog, Mrs. Faunce could not refuse to shelter me from this storm."

Emerging from the shelter of the acacia trees, he ran across the lawn, and dashed through the ledy.

ne ran across the lawn, and dashed through the dentical window where he had seen the lady herself disappear. The raging tempest would, he hoped, be accepted as a sufficient apology for this act of rude

mess.

Mrs. Faunce stood near the center of the apartment, her shapely fingers busy with the fastenings of the vail that muffled her face.

Startled by the noise of his abrupt entrance, she turned quickly. For some seconds she stood motionless as a figure carved in stone. Then, receding from him, step by step, a long, loud, blood-curdling scream broke from her line.

"Hush!" said Raymond, eagerly. "There is no occasion for alarm. Oh, pray dismiss your

But Mrs. Faunce only shrieked the louder, and beat her hands before her as if beating him Listen to me, madam. I am neither a thief

cutthroat. I entreat you to compose She continued to retreat until her limbs tottered under her, and, faint with excess of emo-tion, she sunk down on a chair, groaning aloud. Raymond could but feel surprised at the keemess of her terror. There was something unnatural in it; and as he fixed his eyes on the lady's figure, that seemed to shrink and cower beneath that intent gaze, the old creeping senation he had experienced once before, came

ck, he knew not why.

'Permit me to offer an explanation," he said. "Surely you can control yourself long enough for that." Mrs. Faunce fell back in her chair, and cried,

in a hoarse, husky whisper "Go, go! Leave me!" "One moment, madam. I must, at least, make an apology for this intrusion."

He was slowly advancing, but she screamed again, and, with a shudder of repulsion, waved

him away "Begone!"
"Madam is unreasonable. I have already given my assurance that I am here with pacific

you doing here?"
Raymond drew himself up haughtily.
"You glare at me as if I were a criminal. But
I have been guilty of nothing worse than to
seek shelter from the storm."
'Go away," said Joan, grimly. "This is my
lady's private sitting-room. You cannot remain here."
A suppressed on the storm.

Raymond drew himself up haughtily.

"You glare at me as if I were a criminal. But I have been guilty of nothing worse than to seek shelter from the soorm."

"Go away," said Joan, grimly. "This is my lady's private sitting-room. You cannot remain here."

"A suppressed cry now attracted the servant's attention to her mistress. Mrs. Faunce had crushed her vail over her face with both hads, and was faintly panting.

"Quick, Joan, quick! Raise me up. I—I—am stiffing."

The old, woman flung her arms round her, and drew the trembling form to her boson.

"This is your work," she said, darting an angry glance at Raymond.

Half-leading, half-dragging poor Mrs. Faunce, Joan succeeded in getting her into the next room—her sleeping apartment. Raymond would willingly have lent his assistance, but the servant distainfully struck down his offered hand.

"Don't you dare lay so much as a finger, on my mistress," she hissed.

The young man heard an odd sound like a gasp and a sob, and the door was slammed in his face, and fastened on the other side.

For some ten or fifteen minutes afterward there was a silence as of death. Raymond stood with hushed breathing, uncertain what had happened, whether Mrs. Faunce had swooned, or was dead, or had fallen in a fit. A feeling of awe stole over him. He even forgot to wonder what familiar chord had been struck by the tones that, for a moment, stirred him so deeply and so powerfully. He could only think of the possible catastropte that had befallen.

At this period there were two other members of many leveld. Madam 200, who had leapsed since his houskeeper for many years; and a distant relative of the many years; and a distant relative of the many years; and a distant relative of the struch had, many years; and a distant relative of the many ye

ter?"

"Yes. She has come out of her swoon, and will soon be able to sit up."

"Heaven be praised."

In his joy and relief, Raymond attempted to push Joan aside, and step into the room. But the woman sturdily resisted him. He caught an indistinct glimpse of a figure lying on the couch—saw some dark object, probably a vail, drawn up quickly, as if to shield Mrs. Faunce's features from his gaze—and that was all. Her face itself was beyond his line of vision.

"May I not speak to your mistress?" he said, wistfully.

Joan sullenly waved him away.

Joan sullenly waved him away.
"Impossible."
"Only a word," he bleaded. "I wish to assure Mrs. Faunce how deeply I deplore my share in this cocurrence." She is in no condition to receive your apolo-

gies."
"Then I will simply kiss her hand."
"You are an impudent fellow," Joan answered, looking daggers at him, and drawing the door against her back, as she stood in the threshold, nearly shutting it. "You have done mischief enough for once. Go away. The rain is over—you no longer have any excuse for remaining."
Glancing from the window, Raymond saw

over—you no longer have any excuse for remaining."

Glancing from the window, Raymond saw that she had spoken truly. The clouds were breaking up in piles of softest fleece, behind which smiling streaks of agure were already to which smiling streaks of azure were already to about it.

which simile streams of active were arready to be seen. Reluctantly, and with many a backward glance, he left the house.

"Why did that woman impress me so strangely?" he muttered to himself, as he wended his way through the dripping shrubbery. "Ugh! Pm all a-shiver! It was like meeting a denizen

CHAPTER XIII. TWO LETTERS.

"He will dare all and bear all And let no drop fall; He will plot and contrive A fortune to bive."

DINGLE DELL, the pleasant and fertile estate of the Challoners, was situated about twenty miles inland, near the suburbs of a large manu-

facturing village called Grafton.

The mansion itself was a modern edifice of red sandstone, with innumerable balconies and red sandstone, with infulmerable barcomes and verandas, and round towers that crowned every available angle. The windows were large, and those on the lower floor opened to the ground, giving to the house a cheerful, hospitable aspect

giving to the house a cheerful, hospitable aspect that was pleasing in the extreme.

The mansion had been built by Mr. Egbert Challoner himself, while comparatively a young man. Here he had brought his bride, and from these spacious halls had he buried her. The poor lady, in dying, left two children, a son and a daughter, to the care of her bereaved husband—pledges of their mutual affection.

Years went on, and the boy and girl grew to maturity. Both turned out badly: for want.

maturity. Both turned out badly; for want, it may be, of a mother's guiding and restraining hand. The son quarreled with his father, and left home. For years afterward he was lost sight of entirely. When at last he did relost signt of entirely. When at last he did return, he came home to die. But he brought with him a lad of some five or six summers, his son, the fruit, he said, of a marriage he had contracted in the South. Of the boy's mother e never spoke, except to say that he had lost er. There was evidently some dark secret sociated with the lady that he preferred keep-

He died, and the mystery remained unreveal ed. But, with his latest breath he left the little Raymond to his father's guardianship, a sacred

Meanwhile, the daughter's fate had also been decided, so far as this world is concerned.

At the age of seventeen she fell in love with her music-teacher, a handsome young Englishman, named Gloyne. Mr. Challoner, as soon as he learned the state of affairs, dismissed the young man, and peremptorily forbade his daughter ever to see or speak to him again. Willfully taking her fate in her own hands, however, Dolores Challoner eloped with her lover, and they were married in New York.

One dark, tempestuous night, a year later, she returned to Dingle Dell dressed in widow's weeds. Her husband had been suddenly stricken down with a malignant fever, and she had bu-

down with a malignant fever, and she had buried him alone.

For a time Mr. Challoner refused to see her. But she had been his favorite child, and when he learned that she had been bereaved, and had come to him destitute, his heart relented. T was a scene of reconciliation, followed by

most bitter self-upbraidings, and father and daughter were at peace with each other.

One week afterward, the little Dolores was born. The poor mother had barely strength enough to place her child in the arms of its grandfather; and then she closed her eyes, and

me to seek the shelter of your roof. My name is Raymond Challoner, and I am stopping at Glenoaks, the guest of Colonel Falkner."

Another tremor ran over her, but she drew a deen byseth, as of relief.

Another tremor ran over her, but she drew a deep breath, as of relief.

"Go?" she faintly gasped.

"Would you send me out into the pelting storm?"

"You must not remain here. Only leave me."

Her voice still sounded hoarse and strained, but when she uttered these last words Raymond detected a ring in it that caused his eyes to dilate, and glued his feet to the floor in a sort of sickening terror.

"Who—who—speaks?" he stammered.

Before she could reply, if such had been her purpose, the room door abruptly opened, and Joan Withers entered hurriedly.

Seeing a stranger standing in her mistress's presence, the faitaful old woman confronted him with a smothered exclamation of surprise, and a cry of anger.

"Who are you?" she demanded. "What are you doing here?"

Raymond drew himself up haughtily.

"You glare at me as if I were a criminal. But I have been guilty of nothing worse than to seek shelter from the storm."

or his hands. Would the same untoward fate that had overtaken his own children pursue these poor innocents, their offspring?

He watched them anxiously, as the years waxed and waned. At twenty, Raymond was permitted to make the tour of Europe. Of certain acts of lawlessness and indiscretion of which the young man was guilty as soon as all restraint was removed, and as he began to mingle freely with the world, the solicitous grandfather saw prophetic indications that greatly troubled him. But Dolores, until she accidentally formed the acquaintance of Vincent Erle, was all his heart could desire, gentle, patient, loving and tractable. Though often harsh and stern in his treatment of her, he could not help lavishing upon the girl all the wealth of love he had given to her mother.

He stubbornly refused, however, to receive Vincent Erle as his grandaughter's future husband, giving as an excuse the idle habits and poverty of the young man.

It was against his authority in this respect that Dolores betrayed the first signs of incipient rebellion.

At this period there were two other members of Mr. Challoner's

ters.

"Egbert, what is the matter?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, I am so overcome."

"Is it a fainting-fit, or a dizziness, or a pain in your stomach, or—what is it?"

"I am so overcome," was all he could utter; and pausing in his gyrations, he dropped his head on her shoulder.

Aunt Jerry began to blush, and to bridle.

"La, Egbert," she stammered," you—you—shouldn't give way so entirely."

"Can't help it! Murder will out! I am miserable—too-miserable to live."

erable-too-miserable to live.'

"Don't, don't!"
"I tell you it is impossible to keep my feelings to myself."
"Hush! oh, do hush!" said Aunt Jerry, her cheeks blooming like a yellow rose.
"I shall burst if I do!" ejaculated the excited

man.

"Then you needn't. Speak, if you must."
The spinster, with the air of a martyr, leaned heavily upon his arm, and waited with averted face, for the revelation he had expressed his inability to keep back.

It came in a form she had scarcely counted

upon.

"Read that!" cried Mr. Challoner, thrusting the anonymous letter into her hand. "The idiots! The puling fools! They've driven me beside myself."

She sunk down on a chair, her hands shaking as if with palsy. It was some seconds before she could make out a single word of the letter. The disappointment that had come to her was a

I wonder if it can be true?" she said, in a

husky voice, after a long silence. She felt constrained to say something.
"True? Of course it's true. Why else should it be written there in black and white?" "It's a nasty, mean business to be writing anonymous letters. I haven't much faith in "Where's Dolores?" cried Mr. Challoner, sud-

where's Dolores, cried Mr. Challoner, suddenly recommencing his mad dance round the apartment. "Find her! Bring her here. She shall tell me to my face whether this one means anything, or whether it does not."

Not choosing to await Aunt Jerry's slow movements, however, he flung open the room door himself, and screamed down the hall for one of the maids to fetch her young lady in "double

A few minutes later Dolores came tripping down-stairs, and entered. The instant Mr. Challoner's irate glance fell upon the figure of the young girl, he stamped his foot, giving way to another burst of passion. You vixen! you ungrateful creature!" he ed. "Is this all the reward I am to get for

"You vixen! you ungrateful creature!" he cried. "Is this all the reward I am to get for coddling you ever since you were born? Oh, if you were a boy, miss, I'd thrash you—thrash you within an inch of your life, do you hear?" Dolores had grown accustomed to his storms, and did not mind them much; but this one seemed more serious than usual.

"What have I done to offend you, grandpapa?" she asked, in a trembling voice.

Done? You've disobeyed me, miss—willfully disobeved me; that's what you've done."

Done? You've disobeyed me, miss—willfully disobeyed me; that's what you've done."

"In what way?"

"It's high time you were asking that. Oh, you deceitful little vixen!"

"Please tell me, grandpapa."

"Oh, you shall hear of your misdoings fast enough. Listen—then hide your head for shame! You've tried to hoodwink a trusting old man. But your treachery has been discovered miss. But your treachery has been discovered miss

ful career, miss Dolores clasped her hands, and looked appealingly at her grandfather.

"You shock—you distress me," she exclaimed.

"Then the shocking and distressing is mutual," thundered Mr. Challoner, bringing down his hand on the table near which he was standing. "You've appeared how for any You've. ing. "You've amazed, horrified me! You've driven me to the verge of desperation. Hangit, I don't even know which end my head is

Dolores, how could you?" murmured

"Oh, Dolores, how could you?" murmured Aunt Jerry, in a very faint voice.

"To think of being deceived by a chit of a girl!" gasped the old man.

"But, grandpapa—"

"Silence, miss. You can not palliate your offense. I trusted you, and you betrayed me. You knew very well in what estimation I held that villain, Erle! And yet you have been meeting him clandestinely, and writing letters to him, all these weeks."

"Shameful!" cried Aunt Jerry.
Dolores turned very pale, and sunk on her

Dolores turned very pale, and sunk on her knees at the old man's feet,

"Grandpapa," she sobbed, "I am not so guilty as you have been led to think. I am not. I tell you truly that I have not seen Vincent Erle

since that night at Glenoaks."
"But you've written to him?"
"Yes," she admitted, seeking to hide her face with both hands.

'And he has written to you?"

"Dreadful!" ejaculated Aunt Jerry.
"When did you receive the last letter from
the scoundrel?" demanded Mr. Challoner.

"Oh, you viper! Where is the letter? Give it to me instantly."

Go me instantly.
I can not," was the low reply.
Can not? Why can't you, I'd like to know? Hand it over, miss. I have destroyed it."

The exasperated old man gave a snort of dismay. "Oh, you expected to be found out, did you

miss, and took that way to secure yourself? I never heard of such misdoings, such duplicity."
"Never!" echoed Aunt Jerry, who always made it a point to agree with Mr. Challoner.
"You may tell me the purport of that letter,

miss."

This demand caused Dolores to start up suddenly, and recede toward the door, her hands
clasped tightly together again, her cheeks pallid
with fear. The letter had really made an appointment for a meeting to take place that very
evening, and was couched in such language that
the poor girl had not dared disregard it.

"Do rot ask me" she implored. "I can not

"Do not ask me," she implored, "I can not tell you. Indeed I can not."
"Do you mean to say that you will not?"

"Do you mean to say that you will not?"
Dolores was silent.
"I am not to be trifled with," stormed the angry man. "You've tried me once too often. Follow, if you dare, the footsteps of your misguided mother! I'll cut you off with a shilling! I'll drive you from my door! I'll leave you to slave—or rot in the poor-house! That's what I'll do!"
"And you will be serving her right" out in And you will be serving her right," put in

Aunt Jerry.
Poor Dolores answered nothing. She con-

Poor Dolores answered nothing. She continued to recede toward the door, a pale look of pleading on her face; and suddenly, with a half-suppressed shriek of anguish, as if the scene had grown insupportable, rushed out.

Mr. Challoner sat down, gasping for breath. He felt deeply, terribly in earnest. It pained him unspeakably to think that his beautiful grand-daughter, of whom he had been so proud, had set her affections upon one so unworthy, as had set her affections upon one so unworthy, as he deemed Vincent Erle.

he deemed Vincent Erle.

"It shall never be," he cried; "Dolores shall not throw herself away. One disgrace of that sort is enough in a family."

To hide his agitation, he now took up the second letter, which had been lying neglected on the salver, and tore it open. Instead of pacifying him, however, this missive threw him into a greater rage, if possible, than the first. It was from a Jew broker of New York, who wrote to demand immediate payment of a debt of three thousand dollars which, the writer claimed Mr. Challoner's grandson. Raymond.

claimed, Mr. Challoner's grandson, Raymond, had contracted.

The old gentleman could scarcely believe the evidence of his eyes. He rubbed them, looked again, and at last the storm broke out. If Raymond had been borrowing money of those ras-cally Jews, he might get clear of their clutches as best he could. Three thousand dollars! How, in the name of all that is wonderful, had the rascal managed to squander such a sum!

"He shall reap as he has sown," roared the choleric old gentleman. "I'll disinherit both him and Dolores. And may I be shot if I ever, so long as I live, take another ungrateful brat to bring me."

CHAPTER XIV. GROPING IN THE DARK.

"Oh, treach'rous night!
Thou lend'st thy recdy vail to ev'ry treason,
And teeming mischiefs thrive beneath thy shade.
—HILL'S ZARA.

THE day had been dark and lowering, and night, as it closed in, brought no change in the weather. The rain fell in copious showers, slack-

weather. The rain fell in copious showers, slackening ever and anon, only to rally its wasted
powers for a second deluge.

Aunt Jerry's room was in the same wing with
the chamber occupied by Dolores. The amiable
spinster retired about ten o'clock, and had fallen into what she termed her "beauty sleep"
when the rattling of gravel against the window
of the adjoining room rudely awakened her.

She started unright, giving her night-can a She started upright, giving her night-cap a

La, bless me! What's that?" was her men-

tal ejaculation.

The sound came again—unmistakably the rattling of gravel as it struck in sharp contact with the glass. Immediately afterward there was a the glass. Immediately afterward there was a rustling in Dolores's room, and Aunt Jerry heard the door softly open and close, and stealthy footsteps gliding down the corridor.

Thought is quick, and the spinster's suspicions took a definite turn instantly.

"I see, I see!" she muttered, nodding her head: "It's that audacious girl stealing out to meet her lover. Oh, how can she be so forward? But it is my duty to put a stop to this sort of thing, and I'll do it, too."

Springing out of bed, Aunt Jerry hastily thrust her feet into the slippers that stood primly side by side, next to the wall. Then she threw on a flannel petticoat, and drew a shawl round her shoulders.

It was of no use trying to make a grand toi-let, if Dolores was to be caught, she decided. The girl would get completely beyond her

She went stalking down-stairs, and was just in time to catch a glimpse of a white-robed figure as it flitted through the low window at the end of the hall, and turned into a path leading to a small pavilion at some distance from the house. Oh that's where Dolores meets that precious

scamp, is it?" breathed the shocked spinster. "They imagine themselves perfectly safe in the pavilion, I suppose. How scandalous! My dear Egbert must be told of this, that he may

exert his authority to prevent such audacious proceedings in future."

Aunt Jerry quite lost sight of her peculiar costume in the sudden zeal she felt to put Mr. Challoner on the track of the culprits. Proceeding to his room, which was on the ground floor, she knocked long and loudly. she knocked long and loudly.
"Who's there?" said a gruff voice, at length.

It's me-Jerusha. What do you want?"

"Come right out," said Aunt Jerry, in an eager voice. "Dolores is in the garden with that scamp! I saw her steal forth to meet him not five minutes ago.'

Meet whom? Mr. Challoner was out of bed in an instant, and at the door, his yellow night-cap quite no-ticeable as he thrust out his head; for a dim

the choleric old man shut the door, and pro-ceeded to dress himself with all possible dis-patch. In three minutes' time he was ready to

join Aunt Jerry in the corridor.
"Come," he said, his tone not loud, but deep, as he dropped one hand firmly on the spinster's

arm.

They crept silently through the window. The rain had ceased for a moment, but the night was dark—so dark that objects could not be distinguished at the distance of half a dozen yards. The damp wind blew in their faces, and every tree, shrub and blade of grass was dripping with moisture; indeed the very ground seemed soaked and overflowing with it.

They had not proceeded far before Aunt Jerry's flannel petticoat began flapping against her

"What's the matter?" Mr. Challoner impatiently demanded.
"I've lost one of my slippers."

"Yes. It is stuck fast in the mud."
"Never mind. You had better come on.
It's of no use searching for the slipper in this nfernal gloom.

infernal gloom."

They proceeded. They were not a dozen steps further on the way, however, when a second cry issued from Aunt Jerry's lips.
"Mercy on me! There goes the other."
"Hang it all," cried the exasperated old man, why can't you wear slippers that fit your set, or else stuff 'em with cotton? We can't

wasting time here. be wasting time here."

Poor Aunt Jerry might have told him that the slippers were all right, only she hadn't taken time to draw on her stockings, before putting them on; but it seemed scarcely modest to enter into an explanation of that nature, and she remained silent

So they started again, and Aunt Jerry's feet

'Beneath her petticoat, Like little mice, peeped in and out" as they went stumbling and plunging along the uneven ground—for somehow they had wandered from the path, and could not find it again. Once they plunged into a thorn-bush, and it took some minutes to extricate themselves. Mr. Challoner uttered anathemas, and the poor spinster, as she rubbed her smarting feet, heartly wished herself back in her own room,

heartily wished herself back in her own room, and the offending Do'oresin— Well, in Africa! Their trials were by no means ended. Aunt Jerry had stepped a few paces in advance of her companion, and was hurrying on more rapidly than at any previous time, when suddenly the solid ground seemed to give way under her feet, and she fell down, down, down, plunging up to her knees in an accumulated mass of mud and water.

"Mercy on me!" she gasped. "I might as well knock my brains out and done with it." "It would take precious little knocking to do that.

Oh, ugh !" shivered the wretched lady. "Oh, ugn!" snivered the wretched lady.
"What have I tumbled into now!"
"It must be the pit I ordered Sambo to dig
that some of the refuse might be buried in it."
"Oh dear, oh dear; I wish I had never

"Don't be a fool!" snapped Mr. Challoner.
"Here, give me your hand, and I'll help you

This was easier said than done; but after a deal of pulling, scrambling and splashing, Aunt Jerry stood on terra firma once more. Thank fortune it is too dark for anybody to see the dreadful plight I'm in," thought the poor lady, only too vividly conscious of her mud-incased feet and dripping garments.

feet and dripping garments.
At this moment a few pattering drops of rain gave warning of another shower. Mr. Challoner became desperate. Grasping Aunt Jerry's hand, he pushed his way recklessly through the shrubbery and reached the pavilion steps at length, quite out of breath, and blowing like a reconsider.

The rain was pouring in torrents when the disconsolate couple dashed into the friendly shelter thus afforded. Shaking the water from his garments, Mr. Challoner looked round the

dusky little room, and began to swear. Not a living soul, save themselves, was in the place, or had been, so far as he could discover!

"Idiot! how dared you bring me here, on a tomfool's errand, like this?" he yelled, turning upon Aunt Jerry and shaking her till her false teeth rattled. "Oh, you'll be the death of me."

"Ah!—ugh!—oh!" groaned the thoroughly-disgusted spinster. "I know they are somewhere in the grounds. We've come to the wrong place, that's all."

"And I should think it was enough." Furning, fretful, fierce and furious, Mr. Challoner paced the floor of the pavilion, while poor Aunt Jerry crouched in one corner, her teeth chattering with cold and misery. It was bad enough, of itself, to be caught in such a plight, but "dear Egbert's" reproaches seemed the unkindest cut of all.

The rain lasted but a short time: Mr. Chal-

Indest cut of all.

The rain lasted but a short time; Mr. Challoner and Aunt Jerry emerged from the pavilion as soon as it was over, and slowly and solemnly wended their way back to the house. Two dusky figures stood in the shadow of the veranda; but they separated hastily at the sound of footsteps, one of them darting into the gloomy recesses of the state. gloomy recesses of the garden, the other vanishing through the open window.

Mr. Challoner swore, and Aunt Jerry groan

ed in spirit. But they were too wet, chilled and miserable for any action more decisive, and the culprits escaped. (To be continued—commenced in No. 408.)

## The King's Dwarf.

BY C. D. CLARK.

JUST without the walls of Camelot, upon a little patch of green, Modred, brother of the king, was pacing up and down in angry mood.

No two natures could be more in contrast than
those of Arthur and Modred. One frank, fair those of Arthur and Modred. One frank, fair and noble, having only the good of his country at heart; the other, full of dark projects, selfish and crafty. Deep in his heart's core lurked a deadly hate of his kingly brother, because he was noble, good and true, and had not a thought of baseness. He hated all things good and true, and, most of all, he hated Lancelot, the mirror of knighthood, the man whose heart did not know the name of fear; and all who loved Lancelot, and few they were who did not, were the lot, and few they were who did not, were the enemies of Modred.

The prince was clothed in green, just as he had come from the chase. Indeed, no other cos had come from the chase. Indeed, no other costume would have shown so readily his misshapen shoulder; for, like to King Richard Third, in after days, Modred was slightly deformed. It was this which made him waspish and sullen, for it seemed to him that all men mocked at his deformity, and the evil smile upon his face deepened as he shrugged the deformed shoulder. As he stood there, he heard a rustle of leaves, and a short study form came. formed shoulder. As he stood there, he heard a rustle of leaves, and a short sturdy form came past an angle of the wall, advancing rapidly toward him. A queer form it was, the body of a man, the head of a lawyer, and the lower limbs of a child. The hight of the manikin could not have been more than three feet, and at least two-thirds of the hight was in the body, head and neck. It was the king's Dwarf, Dagobert, a man known far and near for his quips and saws, a rare jester. For if his body lacked and saws, a rare jester. For, if his body lacked in grace, at least he had brains.

Ha, dwarf," said Modred, angrily; "do you come to spy upon me?"
"Not I, worthy brother," was the reply. "I go on my own business. Fair prince, you and I are brothers in one thing at least—we have brains, and brains are at a discount in this mad

"Go your way, knave!" was the retort. "I

know thee for what thou art, thou misformed Dagobert, annoyed by the thrust at his de-

formity, replied, sharply:
"Faith, good prince, the hand which bestow ed knighthood upon thee was somewhat too heavy; it has driven thy shoulder out of place." The prince replied by a buffet which sent the dwarf rolling on the sod. He rose laughing, but there was a peculiar gleam in his eyes which

be distinguished at the distance of half a dozen yards. The damp wind blew in their faces, and every tree, shrub and blade of grass was dripping with moisture; indeed the very ground seemed soaked and overflowing with it. Scarcely was he gone when a lady in hunting green came sweeping toward the They had not proceeded far before Aunt Jerry's flannel petticoat began flapping against her heels in a manner not altogether pleasant, for it seemed to have gathered up every particle of shrouded her body like a mantle. Her com-

moisture from the path along which they had come. Suddenly she uttered a half-suppressed scream, and stood stock-still.

"What's the matter?" Mr. Challoner impa-

and the only woman upon earth who could sway that wise man to her will.

"Lady Viviane!" cried Modred, laying his hand upon her bridle. "Stay; I have something

for your ear."
"Not for mine, prince," she returned, laughing. "Thy looks have been lately bent on none save Elaine. "An' if it be so, fair lady, what care you's Is not the maid of Astolat in your path? Would

is not the maid of Astolat in your path? Would it not please you if she were away, that you might try your power once more upon the stubborn heart of Lancelot? See, I am magician enough to know this much, that, while you love Merlin with your head, you love Lancelot with your heart." "Let us say so," responded Viviane, a deep flush coming into her cheek. "What of that, Sir Modred?"

"Help me, and I will help you. Give me Elaine, whom I adore, and I will do my best to bend Lancelot to your will."
"If I cannot win by my own strength I do not care to win. But her face irks me, Modred.

When I look at her and see her slowly dying for the love of Lancelot, it seems to me it would be grace to give her to one who would hold her by the strong hand. I will aid you to seize her, and once in your strong castle in the North it will go hard but you can bend her to your will. you can trust?

"Get them quickly, and go up the river to the house of Erle, the swineherd. There you will find her, for she wearied of the ride home, and asked permission to rest there. Seize her and make away with her, and never let me hear the name of this piece of prudery again ex-cept she be your wife. Where are your men?" "At my palace; I will get them in a short space. Half an hour later Elaine must be in space. Half an hour later range must be their hands, and on her way to the North, for

must not appear in this."

He turned and walked rapidly by her side and entered the city. Half an hour later a party of men rode out at a rapid pace and took the road up the stream. Outside the cottage of Erle, the swineherd, upon a rustic bench, sat the beautiful Elaine, brooding, as ever, upon her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For the brave knight, knowing that he could not give her his love, thought to wake her pride by giving her scorn, but even this had failed of its lesign. Knowing that he was as far beyond her as the stars of heaven, because his great neart could know but a single love, she oved on, though without hope.

heart could know but a single love, she still loved on, though without hope.

The sudden beat of horses' hoofs was heard, and she looked up. Down the river, a few hundred yards away, she saw a party of ten men, bearing the pennon of Modred, and her eyes were again cast down, when she heard a voice calling her name, and saw a boat upon the river, shooting toward the shore. In the boat was Dagobert, pulling with all the strength of his strong arms, and calling on her name.

"To me, Lady Elaine!" he cried. "The men of Modred come to seize you. Fly to the boat!" She knew and dreaded Modred, and as she heard the call she started up and ran swiftly down toward the river. As they saw her the men-at-arms spurred on rapidly, while the water foamed under the prow of Dagobert's boat as he pushed her toward the shore. The bow touched the bank and she sprung in, and instantly the dwarf pushed off.

Never, to this time, had Elaine dreamed that such power lay in the arms of Dagobert. The boat leaped under the strokes of his powerful arms, and his beautiful eyes, for Dagobert was handsome, blazed as the boat sped on.

"Ha, Dagobert!" cried the leading horseman, as he saw the prey escaping. "Thou vile dog, bring back the maiden."

"Evil be the hour when I turn back!" answered Dagobert. "May my hand wither in the day when I betray her to thy serpent grasp, Prince Modred. For I know thee; I know thee, despite thy disguise."

"A boat there—ho!" cried Modred, leaping from the saddle. "Have I periled all upon this cast to be beaten in the end by an apish dwarf! A boat there, and chase!"

Upon the bank of the stream, not far from the supplementary as heaves.

boat there, and chase! A boat there, and chase!"
Upon the bank of the stream, not far from
the swineherd's cottage, a barge was hauled up
and tied. The men ran to launch it, and it was
quickly in the water, hurrying down the stream
after the flying boat of Dagobert. The brave dwarf never turned his head to look at Elai who sat mute and pale in the stern of the ligh who sat mute and pale in the stern of the light craft, watching with eager gaze the chances of the chase. She knew how a long chase must end, with four men at the oars against one, but the way to Camelot was not long by the stream, and the boat seemed to fly, fairly lifted from the water by Dagobert's vigorous strokes.

"They shall win me ere they wear me, fair lady," cried Dagobert, through his set teeth.
"None shall say that the king's Dwarf hath not at least a man's heart in his bosom. They gain, I think, but I shall give them work."
He worked hard—desperately. Great drops

gain, I think, but I shan give them work.

He worked hard—desperately. Great drops of sweat stood upon his forehead. He strained every nerve, and for a short space the barge neither seemed to gain or lose. Then the strength of eight arms began to tell, and the barge crept

up foot by foot. In the bow of the pursuing barge knelt Modred, with his long cross-bow resting on his knee. His savage eye lighted up as he saw the distance between the two boats grow less and less. But the towers of Camelot were now in hight, perhaps three or four miles away, and at any moment some party of knights, returning o the city, might pass along the stream.
"Dagobert," he cried, "I will give thee one chance to save thy life. Drop thy oars or die."

Dagobert only answered by renewed efforts, and Modred fitted a bolt in the cross-bow and lowly raised it. Only Dagobert saw this, for

"Drop down into the boat, fair lady," cried Dagobert. "You risk a shot where you sit."

Then Elaine turned her head and saw Modred taking stoody a sin with the aking steady aim with the cross-bow, with which he was a fatal marksman, at the broad breast of Dagobert. Instead of cowering to escape the bolt, she rose in the stern, and halfkneeling covered the body of the dwarf with her "Out of the way!" cried Modred, half-lower

ing the cross-bow; "out of the way or I shoot."
"I fear not the bolt, Prince Modred," was the reply. "It is but a single pang, and all the troubles and trials of this weary life are over." A serpent-like hiss came from the lips of Mo dred, and the cross-bow came to his shoulder Just then the boat of Dagobert struck a floating log, and the sudden shock threw Elaine across the thwart behind her. Before she could rise again the twang of the cross-bow was heard, and Dagobert, shot through the left breast, dropped his oars and fell backward in the boat.

"Bend to your oars, my men," cried Modred.
"We have her now." We have her now."
But, to their utter surprise, the dwarf was

But, to their utter surprise, the dwarf was seen to rise from the thwart, all bloody as he was, seize the oars, and urge the boat toward the bank. And, riding down the slope, came a gallant company of knights and nobles, King Arthur and Lancelot among them, returning from the chase. Modred saw that all hope was over, and turning their barge they crossed the stream, and landing, were quickly lost to sight in the thick forest beyond the stream. And when King Arthur came, riding before the rest, he found the pale Elaine seated on a grassy slope, with the head of the dying dwarf resting in her lap. He raised his head feebly.

"I saved her, I, Dagobert, the jester. She will rear my monument."

but there was a peculiar gleam in his eyes which showed that he would not forget.
"'Tis a striking argument, prince," he said.
"Well, well, I shall remember it, in the time to "I twas his last word, and with many noble are leading sadly down upon him, the brave

### THE CARRIER-BOY'S DINNER.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I'm a carrier-boy on the Times, you know.
Been at the bisness four years or so.
Mighty hard work for mighty small pay,
But a feller's an appetite 'most ev'ry day,
An' he's got to eat, an' he's got to wear
Suthin' or other. But I declare,
Seemed to me, Cl.ris'mas, we'd starve for good,
An' freeze, fer we hadn't a stick o' wood.
There I was, flat on my back, you see.
Measles, they said, had got holt o' me,
An' I'd been swallerin' ginger-tea,
An' this thing an' that thing, five or six days,
An' couldn't git out to make a raise.
Mother, she sowed fer the shops, an' tried
To take care o' me an' herself beside,
But, Lord, with her rumatiz, what could she do?
Tell ye what, pardner, it made me feel blue,
Seein' her worry, an' plan, an' fuss To keep us in vittals, an' bein' nuss.
When I know'd she d orter be settin' still,
'Stead o' waitin' on me. I tell ye, Bill,
There's no institution I ever see
Quite up to mothers. That s my idee!

We'll come through it some way," sez mother, sez sne.
The Lord will take care o' you, Tommy, an' me.
I've finished that sewin', an' that'll buy bread
Fer to-morrer an' nex' day. We sha'n't starve,'
she said.

I begun to git better, an' soon's I could stir I was bound to gout with the papers, but, sir, She wouldn't hear o't. Sez she, "You keep still Or you'll be down ag'in." Tell ye what, Bill, Comes mighty tough, when your legs seem to be 'Bout as stout as a baby's legs "Rest up," sez she when your legs seem to be

You'll work all the better for't, when you git to I can't hev ye sick ag'in playin' smash with my An' when she'd say that, so cheerful an' chipper, I'd purtend I was dry, an' make tracks fer the dipper.
Seem'd as ef a good drinker kep' me from chokin',
But, I tell ye, it cut me, Bill. That ain't no
jokin'.

The day afore New Year's her rumatiz come back, An' I see her a-cryin' when I peeked through a her a-cryin' when I peeked through a crack.

Fer we'd nothin to eat, an' I knew she had spent,
The evenin' afore, her very last cent.

Bymeby she went out 'thout sayin' a word, An', as soon as the stairs, creakin' couldn't be Bymeby she went out 'thout sayin' a word,
An', as soon as the stairs, creakin' couldn't be
heard,
I pulled on my boots, an' I grabbed my old hat,
An', all in a tremble, I lit out o' that.
I felt weak as a baby when I got to the street,
But I made up my mind I'd hev suthin' to eat.
I badn't gone more than a block an' a ha'!
When my legs kinder crinkled—now, Bill, don't
ye laugh—
But I thought I was dyin', and cried like a baby.
If you'd been in my boots, you d'a' done the
same, mebbe.
I wilted right down, all at once, jest as weak!
An' when some one spoke to me, I tried to speak,
But I cou dn't. "Hey, Tommy, I say, here's a
go!"

go!"
An' Blinks, of the Post—he's another, you know—
Got holt, an' he give me a h'ist to my feet.
'Lord! you look like a feller with nothin' to eat,"
Sez he, stompin' round, makin' everything clat-

To git hisself warm. Sez I, "That's what's the Wall, Blinks got me home afore mother got round, An' he bought a big loaf, an' as much as a pound O' sassengers. Lordy! How good they did smell! I et a square meal, an it made me 'most well. Don't you go out ag'in fer a week, Tom," sez he, But I didn't take stock in that, 'cause why, you

When a feller's nigh starvin' there's suthin' to An' he can't lay round loafin', jest 'cause he feels blue.

When mother come back she was pale as a sheet. Set up to the table—hev suthin' to eat," Sez I, fer I knew she was hungry an faint, An' completely discouraged. "I'm in luck, if you ain t!" Did the Lord bring it, Tommy?" sez she, kinder

'That depends all on folkses' opinion, you know, Sez I, mighty cheerful. "If the Lord's hair." You may bet yer last dol!ar he brought us that

We'll trust in the Lord. If the sparrers can't 'Thout his knowin' it, Tommy, he'll care for us

If He didn't come, he sent us this bread.
An' he'll never forsake us. We sha'n't starve, she said. That evenin' we sot in the dark, an' sez I, If I hadn't been sick, we'd 'a' hed a big pie An' felt jest as grand as the big folks, with

waters.

I'm thankful," sez she, "fer a morsel o' bread,
An' my boy to help eat it! What if you was dead!
An' then mother she hugged me tight up to he An' kissed me so lovin' I sot there an' cried.

Purty soon on the stairs we heard a great datter.
'I wonder," see mother, "what on earth is the
matter?"
'They're a-comin' here, mother," see 1, "seems to An' they're bringin' up suthin'. Lord, what can

it be?"
Then some person knocked, an'she opened the door,
An'a hull lot o' bundles rolled in on the floor.
'Happy New Year's!" yelled Blinks, as he took to his heels,

Give Tommy, to-morrer, three jolly good meals." Mother lit the last candle, an' what do you think? We found in them bundles both vittles an' drink. There was bread an' pertaters, an' sugar an' tea, An' the fattest old turkey you ever did see! It made my mouth water to look at 'em all. 'The Lord come this way, an' he thought he would

Sez I, with a chuckle, an' mother, sez she, 'Here's enough fer a week. Only smell o' tha Praise the Lord for his goodness," sez mother, sez she.

I tell ye what, Bill, that old turkey with stuffin' Didn't go very bad, with the tea-pot a-puffin' An' makin' the room smell like hull beds of

posies, An' the bread an' the taters delightin' our noses 'Twas the jolliest meal that ever was et, An' we didn't want nothin' for supper, you bet! Wall, sir, them vittels jest touched the right spot, An' the more I et on 'em the better I got. An' afore they was gone I was out on the street, A-workin' an' earnin' of vittels to eat. An' I hain't forgot Blinks, neither, bless his old

I've offered him money. "Don't want it," sez If you get a good chance, help a feller, Tom Cole, An' see what a jolly good joke it is. That'll do

### PHIL HARDY. The Boss Boy;

THE MYSTERY OF THE STRONGBOW.

BY CHARLES MORRIS. AUTHOR OF "THE GAMIN DETECTIVE," "NO BODY'S BOY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX. ON THE STRONGBOW

NEAR the wharf the boys met their confederate, Joe Dot, who was sauntering carelessly along as if he had no business in life except to

The jiants are well enough. It's you that's

cried Dick. "And making straight for the "He'd best step aboard soon then, or he might step overboard," returned Joe.
"What do you mean?" Phil sharply asked.
"Only that the Strongbow is getting ready to

draw out of dock."
"The blazes she is! Know where she is

"Scoot down there, and ask some of the sail-

"Scoot down there, and ask some of the sallors. Be innocent like, you know."

Without a word Joe left them.
"I wish Mr. Russell was here with his perlice," said Phil anxiously, "If she's goin' to put to sea it mought be a bad job."

"We'd have to foller her, that's all. In a steam far or something."

steam tug or something."

Joe returned after a few minutes' absence "She's not going far," he remarked. "Only across to Brooklyn. She's to take in part of her cargo at Longmyer's wharf."

"Know the place like a book," cried Phil, well pleased with this information. "Spose, too, they're tryin' to fling us off the track.—Though they must think I'm drownded, and they dont know that there's anybody else on they dont their trail."

their trail."

"You're worth a dozen soaked herrings yet,
Phil," remarked Dick.

"Why dont you appear to them—like a
ghost?" asked Joe.

"By Jove, that's a good idear!" exclaimed
Phil, slapping his knee in delight. "Wouldn't
like nothin' better than to make that little capting skip. If I dont cross the river in the Strongbow, shoot me!"

"It's dangerous, Phil," cautioned Dick.

"So is walkin' on the curbstones." said Phil.

"So is walkin' on the curbstones," said Phil, decidedly. "There's so much danger a-goin' a feller never knows but a brick might jump out of the pavement and hit him in the head. One

danger aint no wuss than another."

Phil resolutely walked down to the wharf, followed by his two companions. He was too wide awake, though, to let himself be seen by his enemies on board. He reconnoitered from

his enerties on board. He reconnoitered from behind a post.

The ship did show indications of immediate departure. The sailors were gathering up a few articles belonging to her, which lay upon the wharf. Outside lay a tug, which had just steamed in, and was preparing to attach itself to the vessel. The captain and mate stood amidships, directing these movements. Fagan also was there, talking with the mate.

A quick thought flashed across Phil's mind. He turned to Dick.

"You're good on the dance and song. Dick."

"You're good on the dance and song, Dick.
Jist you jump aboard there, near the bow.
Give them a break-down, and some kind of a
ditty.—I'll be gittin' stowed away on board
while the capting and mate are kickin' you

"I dont know exactly how I'll like the kick-ng," returned Dick, ruefully. ing," returned Dick, ruefully.

"Oh! hop round like a skeeter, and they wont hurt you. Pass round your hat, like an Italian minstrel with an organ.—Come, dig, boy! You aint afeared of them cheps?"

"Not much!" said Dick, walking boldly for-

ward.

"I spose ther'll a gentleman, named Mr. Russell, be here soon," explained Phil to Joe Dot.

"He'll likely have some perlicers with him.

And he'll be too late, as gentlemen allers are.

Jist you tell him where the ship has gone to."

"What kind of a looking cove?"

"A handsome gentleman. Bout as high as you are, but twice as stout. Dressed in a mighty stylish gray rig."

"Guess I'll know him. What's your dodge now?"

"To sell out a couple of rascals, that's all."

By this time Dick had reached the ship. Leaping lightly to the deck he stationed himself near the capstan, and commenced a popular ditty in a shrill boyish voice, that was by no means un-

nusical.

The sailors at once ceased their labors, and

turned to look at him. He commenced a dance with the chorus, a lively break-down which seemed to please them mightly, to judge by their laughter and clapping.

"Hillo! What's broke loose here?" cried the nate, suddenly ceasing his conversation ragan, and hasting forward.

"Only a bit of fun, captain," Dick humbly re-blied. "Thought you wouldn't keer if a poor pooy picked up a few pennies from these brave "We have no time for any of your nonsense," wled the mate, a little mollified, however, by

Dick's shrewd advancement in his title. "Come, e now."
Oh! let the boy finish his song," protested
Rowline, the privileged sailor. "It wont old Bowline, the privileged sailor. "It wont take him a minute, and we dont often hear as

"Hurry up then!" returned the mate, more graciously. "And take care you don't show yourself here again. We want no tomfoolery." The captain and Fagan had walked forward after the mate. But as the latter had taken the listurbing force in hand, his superior officer was content to leave it in his hands, and stood in si-

In fact Captain Monroe liked a good song as well as any of his men, and was not at all disposed to interfere in Dick's ditty.

Nor did he object to the jig with which the lad finished his amateur effort at melody.

"Hope you'll drop somethin' now in a poor boy's hat, that's got a sick mother at home, and boy's flat, that's got a sick mother at home, and ten small brothers and sisters, without a bite in the house, and nothin to eat, and only my talent to keep them from starving."

Dick got this off with the true professional whine, adding a series of other particulars of his extreme poverty as he circulated through the group of sailors.

roup of sailors.

"And I hope the captain's a-going to drop in omething handsome," he continued, shaking his mall receipts as he presented his ragged headgear to the mate.

With a subdued growl the latter deposited a With a subdued growl the latter deposited a small piece of money.

"May you git it twice back agin," said Dick, fervently. "And I know the commodore aint going to forgit poor Dick, the minstrel."

"You see, you dont rank above me yet," said Captain Monroe, laughing. "Here's the price of a loaf, my boy. And now you'd best be going."

going."
"Not till this gentleman has given me that piece of silver that's burning his fingers," persisted Dick, handing the hat to Fagan. I've got no money for vagabonds," and the "And I called him a gentleman!" said Dick, ruefully.—"Well, well, the best will make mistakes, you see. We both made one."
"What do you recen!" a bod learner of hearly.

takes, you see. We both made one."
"What do you mean?" asked Fagan, sharply turning.
"I aint no walkin' dictionary," replied the undaunted boy. "Thought I talked plain en-

nigh."
It was certainly plain enough for the sailors to understand and to relish it, judging by their ubdued laugh.

Fagan would have made some fierce reply, but was prevented by Dick's commencing another song, which he rattled off with intense liveliness

As he sung his eyes were fixed aft, and saw what none of the others did, the gliding of a small form along the deck, and its disappearance down the companionway. Phil was fairly on board.

"Come, get out now," cried the mate. "We are going to cast off. Do you want to go to "Wouldn't mind goin' to Brooklyn," said Dick, with a shrewd wink. "It'll save ferri-

Who told you we were bound for Brooklyn?" 'Maybe I dreamt it, last night."
'Cast off that rope!" cried the captain, sharp-

The mate was instantly recalled to a sense of his duty, and stopped his chatter with Dick to attend to getting the ship under way.

The boy was as good as his word. He kept aboard, while the vessel slowly left the dock and commenced her short voyage across the river.

Meanwhile Phil, as we have seen, had slipped stealthily aboard the vessel, and introduced himself into the cabin while Dick was attracting the attention of all on board.

It was a dangerous position for the boy to be in, and he looked around for some place of concealment in case of being suddenly intruded The cabin of the Strongbow formed a room

of considerable size, and rather plainly furnished, a table, a few chairs, and a lounge, being the principal articles.

There were a couple of state-rooms on each side. Two of these stood partly open, forming the bedrooms of the captain and mate. The other two were locked.

Phil next tried the door in the forward part

of the cabin, leading to the room in which he had been confined. It was only closed by a bolt on the cabin side, and he quickly opened it, and

on the cabin side, and he quickly opened it, and entered his old prison.

The apartment was a contracted one, and very faintly lighted by a dim illumination coming from the forward part of the vessel.

He had more than half expected to find Alice confined here, and it was with a feeling of disappointment that he found the room empty.

"Where in blazes have they got her then?"

appointment that he found the room empty.

"Where in blazes have they got her, then?" he muttered. "I don't know any other place 'cept it's one of them state-rooms. Here's a door leading for 'ard. Maybe I'd best explore."

The room formed a sort of lumber-closet for the cabin, and Phil stumbled, in the faint light, over various articles, as he sought the door which his quick eyes had made out.

It proved to be, like the other, fastened only on his side. In a moment he had it open and was gazing forward into the vessel.

It was a dim profundity into which he looked. The cargo had been removed from this part of

The cargo had been removed from this part of the 'tween-decks, and the hatches fastened down. Its only light came through a grating in the bulkhead forward, and lost itself in the center of the wide concavity, failing to pene-

center of the wide concavity, falling to pene-trate the dark sides.

"That's all right," thought Phil, stepping boldly forward. "Dunno what this bucket of water is left settin' here fur, 'cept they want to guv a feller a foot-bath.—Hello! here's a hole and a ladder. Guess I'll take a look further

The ladder led down to a lower hold, which lay in almost complete darkness, the light which came down with Phil hardly revealing the spot on which he stood. All else was profound gloom, except where, in what appeared an interminable distance forward, a faint beam of light transceled through what appeared to be of light struggled through what appeared to be a closed hatchway.

"Well, if it aint dark enough to cut, here, I'll sell out," muttered Phil, venturing some steps

forward in the darkness.

There was no obstruction. This hold, too, had formed part of the stowage capacity of the

ship, and was now empty.

Satisfied with his explorations so far, and growing anxious about the main object of his adventure, Phil made the best of his way back, reaching the small apartment adjoining the

Before venturing further he looked warily through a minute opening in the door. His quick ear caught, at the same moment, a step

on the cabin stairs.

It was Captain Monroe, who now paused in the center of the cabin, his small, fox-like face peering warily around. Phil could see that he was nervous over something. An idea occurred to the boy. Going cautiously back to where he had seen the bucket of water, he dipped his head into it as deeply as the bucket would admit. He came up streaming

like a mermaid with salt water.
"Now for it," muttered Phil, in a choking

When he again reached his point of view, he found Captain Monroe in the act of unlocking one of the state-room doors.

"That's where he keeps Miss Alice," thought

That's where he keeps hiss Arice, anought Phil. "Now for to give him a header."

The captain was on the point of looking into the room whose door he had partly opened, when he was startled by an odd noise behind

him. He turned quickly, to behold, with starting eyes, a small head protruding from the lumber-room into the cabin, a head dripping with waer, the hair hanging in soaked masses about the face that seemed to ooze water. He knew face to be that of the boy whose helpless form he had flung into the river. "I've been drownded!" muttered Phil, in se-

pulchral tones.

The captain's face grew white as he gazed at this apparition, his superstitious soul full of dread. I've been drownded!" repeated Phil, in tone

that seemed drawn from as far down as his It was too much for the guilty nature of the captain. With a suppressed cry of dread he ran for the companionway, and dashed up the stairs as if in fear of being carried bodily to the lower regions.

regions.

With a laugh of triumph at his success, Phil hastfly entered the cabin. The door of the state-room stood ajar, and he lost no time in

flinging it wide open It was as he had hoped. There lay, reclining on a short lounge, the form of Alice Homer, her eyes staring oddly out at the intruder.

She seemed to be just recovering from the effects of the narcotic, and to be in a stupefied

There was no time to be lost. Phil caught

There was no time to be lost. I'm caught her rudely by the arm, crying:

"Come, Miss Alice! Git up instanter! Your life's in danger here!"

Stirred by his energetic appeal, she tried to obey, and raised herself to her feet by his vigorous aid. She tottered, though, like a drunken where she

orous aid. She tottered, though, like a drunken person, and seemed not to understand where she was nor what was expected of her.

Half leading and half dragging, Phil hurried her out of the room, the door of which he locked and appropriated the key.

"This way! Quick as lightning!" he exclaimed, impelling her forward.

She yielded involuntarily, like one walking in a dream. In a minute Phil had her through the lumber-room and into the hold beyond.

Leaving her there, he returned to close the doors he had left open behind him.

At that moment he heard the heavy step of the mate descending into the cabin, and his harsh voice muttering:

harsh voice muttering: "Ghosts be blowed! There's a screw loose in Cap Monroe's brains."

CHAPTER XXI.

THERE was no time to be lost. The mate was of different caliber from the captain, and would be more likely to discharge a chair at Phil's soaking head than to run from him.

"He said he had opened the state room door.
I dont see any signs of 'it," growled the mate, taking a key from his own pocket and applying it to the lock. Phil hastened from the door at which he had

been listening, and hurried back to where he had left his charge. "There'll be somethin' hot to pay soon," he said. "Wont take him long to find that the other door's unbolted."

There came a subdued roar from the cabin.

The mate had just discovered that his bird had

flown; the state room was empty!
"Come, Miss Alice," Phil energetically exclaimed. "These is dangerous quarters. We claimed.

claimed. "These is dangerous quarters. We must be gitting."

Her previous hasty movement had partly recalled her flown senses, and she yielded to Phil with better command of her nerves.

He led her to the hatchway, opening to the lower hold, and aided her, with some difficulty, down the parrow ladder.

down the narrow ladder.
"Here we are now," said Phil cheerily, "in darkness as thick as jelly. And it wont be five minutes afore we're follered. Feel better, Miss

"My head is very thick and confused," she hesitatingly replied. "Where are we?"
"Away down in the second story cellar of the Strongbow. Know who I am?"

"No," she uneasily answered.

"Thought you didn't," responded Phil, with a slight laugh. "I'm Phil Hardy. I'm the chap that took you out of the water once and that's a goin' to take you out of the fire, now."

"Oh, yes; I remember you," she replied dubiously. It was evident that her faculties had not fully returned. not fully returned.

"Wait here a minute," cried Phil.

He dashed up the ladder to the deck above.
In a minute he returned with the half-emptied

"Here! Dash some of this in your face," he ordered, "It'll wash the cobwebs out of your brain quicker'n any thing I know of."
Phil held up the bucket while she mechanically obeyed him, giving her face a plentiful ablution in the cold water.

It had the effect he anticipated. Her con

It had the effect he anticipated. Her consciousness returned more fully, and she looked around her with a clearer idea of the situation.

"Towels aint handy," explained Phil. "But it's only water. It'll dry off."

He carefully placed the bucket at the foot of the ladder, while she partially dried her face with her handkerchief.

"Here they come!" Phil cautiously remarked, his quick hearing catching a footstep on the deck above. "We've got to be movin."

Taking her hand he led her through the gloom toward the light which so faintly illuminated the hold.

It was a forward hatchway, closed with

It was a forward hatchway, closed with grating, through whose openings the light came

Phil ran hastily up the ladder which led to it, and tried to push it aside. His attempt was vain; it was fastened above.

At the same moment a gleam of light shone from the other hatchway, and they saw the sturdy figure of the mate descending.

"If we aint rats in a trap, then there's no pumpkins," muttered Phil, looking doubtfully around. "Wonder if Dick's aboard? I'll guv him a call, anyhow."

around. "Wonder if Dick's aboard? I'll guv him a call, anyhow."

With his lips to the grating Phil whistled, repeating it three times in quick succession.

It was answered in an unexpected way, by the sudden extinguishment of the light aft, and by a fierce curse from the lips of the mate. Phil at once divined the cause. He clapped his hands on his knees in delight.

"If he aint stepped into the water-bucket, sell me out! Wish I only had another bucket full! I'd guv him a shower-bath, sure."

"What shall we do, Phil?" asked Alice, anxlously, as she heard her foe cursing as he ascended the ladder again.

he ladder again. Wish I only knowed," answered Phil. "I'm desp'rat afeared we're in a trap. If Dick was only about now." His words were answered by a repetition of

"Hello! that's clever," cried Phil, quickly ascending the ladder. "Here we are, Dick. Open this confounded trap-door, or we'll be in trouble,

"All right!" came the voice of Dick from above, and his honest eyes were visible through the openings. "Hold hard. I'll fetch her Here comes our enemy again," said Alice, in

a low tone.

The light which now flashed through the hold was more intense than that which had been so suddenly put out. But it was also more contracted in range. It came from a dark lantern, which threw but a narrow line of light, leaving the remainder of the hold in deeper gloom than

The bearer stood on the deck, slowly turning, and throwing the sharp beam of light successively over every point of the hold.

"What shall we do?" asked Alice, shrinking instinctively from the coming gleam.

"Wish Dick would hurry up," was Phil's answer. "We'll be seen sure, afore he gits it over."

open."
The revolving light came nearer and nearer in its progress round the circle of the hold,
"Mought keep ahead of it if it weren't fur bein' heard," muttered Phil. "Ha! come this way, Miss Alice!"

way, Miss Alice!"

He had just caught a glimpse of a possible covert. Taking her hand he led her quickly but noiselessly to the side of the ship, where lay a heap of old cable. Crouching down behind this, crouching down behind this, they were covered from sight of the mate. In a minute more the light passed slowly over them, its intense gleam revealing every portion of that section of the hold, but throwing the space in which they crouched into deeper darkness.

It moved over their heads and slowly traversed aft along the deek. The two furtives

ed aft along the deck. The two fugitives emerged from their concealment and approach ed the ladder. At the same instant a sliding sound was heard, and the grating moved quickly back, Dick's head appearing at the opening.

"Up the ladder, Miss Alice! Quick as lightning! It's your only chance!" cried Dick, in expenses.

the tones.

The noise had attracted the attention of the mate. He threw the light of the lantern upon the fugitives. They stood, too, in a circle of daylight entering at the open hatch.

The foot of Alice was already upon the ladder. The mate dropped his lantern and ran hastily toward them, with a fierce imprecation.

Quick!" cried Phil, excitedly, lending Alice assistance. "Give her your hand, Dick!" is assistance. "Give her your hand, Dick!" Dick obeyed, and the trembling fugitive was

Dick obeyed, and the trembing lugidive was rapidly drawn up the steps.

Phil was about to run up the ladder with the nimbleness of a squirrel, when he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder, and turned to look in a pair of revengeful eyes.
"Shoot the hatch, Dick!" he shouted. "Thun

der's broke loose here!"

Dick at once obeyed. The hatch slid to its place. The devoted lad was left in the power

(To be continued—commenced in No. 405.)

## Gold Dan:

The White Savages of the Great Salt Lake. A TERRIBLE TALETOF THE DANITES OF MORMON LAND.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "VELVET HAND," "INJUN DICK,"
"OVERLAND KIT," "WOLF DEMON," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "BLACK DIAMOND," ETC.

> CHAPTER XXXVI. THE BATTLE.

"A FLAG of truce!" muttered Clark; "what do they want to say, anyway?" "Shall I plug him, Cap?" asked the nearest Danite, a stout fellow on the right of the line,

armed with a rifle. "Oh, no; let's hear what they want." And Clark rode forward to meet the flag.

The bearer was well known to the Danite,
by sight. Ben Smith he was called, a bossteamster, and reputed to be as good a man of

his inches as there was west of the Missouri, despite his age. I'm sorry that I've come on rather unpleas ant business, Mr. Clark," he said, bluntly. "Yes," replied the Danite, shortly.

"We want you to surrender to us and go back to Corinne and stand your trial for the killing of the old man." "Oh, you want to try me?"

"Who, pray? I wasn't aware that you had any law courts in Corinne?"

judge, now that your time has come to face blown up with gunpowder, and a most desolate

'Judge Lynch is to try me, eh?'
'Yes. Oh, you'll have a good, fair trial; we guarantee that, and if you prove that the old fellow did commit those murders, of course the verdict will be not guilty."

'And if I don't prove it?" ou, Mr. Clark, as an example.' 'I'm very much obliged to you indeed," the

Danite said, with that grim sort of humor which was so peculiar to him, "but I reckon that I won't come to Corinne to stand any trial just now; I'm pretty comfortable where I am; thanking you all the same for your kindness."
"Well, Mr. Clark, we shall have to try to take you!" Smith announced, with significant

earnestness You don't mean it?"

"Oh, yes we do!" "Why, I've got ten more men than you have, and my does, too, fight with halters ed to search for them. He had not far to look, around their necks." "I reckon that we are the better armed, and

kin pop you off at long range, if you really

force us to fight you." earelessly. "But, as for my forcing a fight on you, why the boot is on the other leg. Go live, your way; the prairie is wide."

"Clark, we've come for you, and we're go-

ing to have you if it takes every man in our outfit!" the Corinne man averred, decidedly. "Oh, that's your talk, is it?" the Danite answered, insolently. "Now, listen to me: I'll she called aloud upon all the saints in Heaven give you just five minutes to get back to your to spare her brother. line with that flag of truce, and then I'll charge, and after we get through with you, I reckon that there won't be many of you chaps able to

"That's your game?" "Yes, and you'll find that I will play it for all my hand is worth.

The flag-of-truce bearer turned and rode rapidly back to where the Gentiles were in Look out, boys! It's fight!" he cried, as

ne rode up, "and they'll be down upon us in a brace of shakes!" Quickly Gold Dan gave the command for action.

"Let every man take the fellow that is opposite to him, and don't fire until you are sure other. of your mark!" And then, as the borderer ranged his eyes

in the opposing ranks, and also caught sight of the drooping, boyish figure, sitting so statuelike in the saddle, on the prairie beyond. For a moment the stout and hardy adventurer—the man whose life had been one con-

stant succession of perils—almost reeled in the "Oh, I recognize them, now!" he muttered, the words escaping from lips strangely white.
"I have been blind that I did not recognize Velve aim before, but her I have not seen. Now I understand why such bitter attacks upon my ife have been made, and who is the guardian ingel that strove so earnestly to warn me of the peril that threatened me; I understand all, The chase is up at last; I have hunted

them down, but will I win or lose?" Small time had the plainsman for reflection, for as the Danite had said, within five minutes

at topmosi speed toward their foes. Clark had calculated, with a single bold charge, to break the ranks of the borderers, for he did not believe that they would stand to enounter the onset.

But, as we have said, the Gentiles were all difficulty. eked men, excellent rine of them were either scouts or teamsters used to frontier warfare. 'Steady, men; steady!" Dan cautioned, as

the Danites, with wild cries, came dashing on. asked. Pick your men, and don't waste a shot! Little need of the caution, for each and every van of the outfit was fully prepared. When the charging line got within about six

hundred yards, they commenced to open fire, but the distance was too great, and the volley vhistled harmlessly over the heads of the Gentiles but when the Mormons got inside of four hundred yards, then all along the Gentile ranks on the face of the man she had so cruelly burst forth a sheet of flame.

Terrible was the effect of the well-directed

Ten men were down, either killed outright | mocking smile creeping over his face. or else badly wounded, and some five more, though not unhorsed, yet had received quite sufficient taste of Gentile lead to last them for

"Charge, boys! Give it to 'em!" cried Gold Dan, at the top of his lungs, perceiving that the decisive moment had arrived.

in hand. Dismayed at their bloody reception, and truck with terror by the heavy loss that they had sustained, the Danites broke and fled in great confusion.

n vain did John Clark, who by a miracle almost had escaped serious injury, although bleeding from two wounds, attempt to rally

The rufflans had received too great a shock, and the Danite chief, perceiving that it was useless to attempt to turn the fortunes of the lay, reluctantly put spurs to his horse and fled with the rest, and as the Danites were better mounted than the borderers, who had been obliged to pick up what steeds they could, easily succeeded in making good their escape.

The Gentiles pursued the rufflans until they lost them in the wooded defiles beyond the plain, and then, perforce, gave up the chase. But, the victory was complete; never before, in all the annals of Utah, had the Danites received such a terrible beating, and gloomy and full of wrath indeed were the Destroying Angels when they straggled into their camp on Antelope Island, one by one, a few hours af-terward, and realized that by a single blow

they had lost one-third of their band. And the Danite chief, too, was missing. At first it was believed that he had fallen at the murderous discharge; but then, when some recalled the fact that he had endeavored to rally the panic-stricken line, and others told how they had noticed the blood streaming down that in some lonely defile the stern chief of the most instantly. White Savages had succumbed to his wounds and found an unknown grave.

again, nor was he ever seen by any of them. The Mormon leaders, when informed of the disaster that had befallen their chosen band, the Swords of Gideon," and of the absence of Clark, caused careful search to be made for

"Judge Lynch answered your turn the other | rude hut had been destroyed; naught but ashes | have nothing better for me in the future than night, and you hadn't oughter object to the remained; the roof of the little cave had been you have given in the past, let me not live, but picture it presented.

To the Mormon mind it was plain that the

Gentiles, flushed with victory, had pursued the Duke of Corinne to his retreat in the mountains, and there settled in full the score of

And the Mormons lamented the loss of stern Well, I reckon in that case that we'll hang John Clark, for no such man as he did they ever find again.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HUNTED DOWN AT LAST. The pursuit ended, the victorious Gentiles returned to view the field whereon the fight had been won so easily; eager, too, if possible,

to relieve the suffering of the wounded men. The Gentiles had come out of the fight almost without a scratch. And Dan, who in the excitement of the fight

had lost sight of the two Texans, now proceed-Stretched upon the ground, just where he had fallen, right in the front of the charge, was the Texan; a well-aimed rifle-ball had settled his account with this world, but life still lin-'That remains to be seen," Clark retorted, gered within the stubborn frame, although it was quite plain that the man had not long to

Over him bent the slender form, dressed in male attire, but evidently a woman, the one whom he had designated as his brother. Great tears were streaming from her big, black eyes, and in the soft Spanish tongue

But what cares stern fate for a woman's prayers or a woman's tears?

The bullet of the frontiersman had done its go home to Corinne and tell your town how deadly work only too well, and the time of the stricken man on earth must be measured by

minutes, not by hours The Texan was perfectly conscious, and was gazing with dull eyes upon the face of the grief-tortured girl, when Gold Dan came up to

the group. Hastily the plainsman dismounted from his steed, and advanced toward the two. An expression of bitter, impotent hatred came over the face of the stricken man, as his eyes fell upon the one whom he had tried so hard to kill, but who had so wonderfully es-

caped the several dangers. The adventurer knew the brother and sister to be Fernando and Blanche del Colma, and

over the line of the foe, he detected the Texan | they knew him for Richard Velvet, or Vel-Six months before the time of which we write, in Cinnabar City, far up North, under the shadow of great Shasta's peak of eternal snow, Richard Velvet and the queenly Blanche were to have been married; but, only a month be-fore the day set for the wedding, both the brother and sister had mysteriously disap-

> Velvet Hand had searched high and low, and at last getting a clew, had followed them to

> On the way thither he had come across the body of the true Gold Dan, killed in an Indian fight; the savages had been driven off by a timely arrival of troops, before they had a chance to strip or mutilate the body.

As Velvet Hand looked upon the slain man, he noticed that he bore quite a resemblance to he gave the command to advance, and like a himself; an idea flashed upon him; by assumflock of hungry hawks swooping down upon their prey, the Danites dashed over the prairie search for the fugitives without exciting Del search for the fugitives without exciting Del Colma's suspicions, for of course the brother would be on the watch for Velvet Hand, not

for an unknown like Gold Dan. "You have hunted us down at last," the bro her said, speaking slowly and with great

Blanche went with you of her own free will, and under no compulsion." "And if that is the truth?" Del Colma,

"I am content, and will not complain," Velvet Hand answered, firmly. "It is her right to choose.' You went with me of your own free will, Blanche, eh?" the brother asked, turning his

glassy eyes upon the face of the girl. "Yes, of my own free will," she answered. slowly, not daring to trust her eyes to rest up-

And yet she loves you better than she does her own life," the brother observed, a 'I do not understand the riddle," Velvet

Hand said, simply. "It is easily explained," Del Colma answer-"My mother, on her death-bed, made her swear that she would never leave me while I needed her care. For the last year my brain has been affected. I have been mad at times; I The Gentiles yelled and charged, revolvers am mad whenever I come in contact with you -frantic with the desire to kill you. knew this, and to save your life she was willing to go with me wherever I went. Now the mystery is out, and you know why she forsook

For a moment the now fast-dying man paused to take breath, then again he proceeded.
"But that is all ended, now. Within a very few minutes my account with this world will be closed, and then she will be free-she will be yours; death alone gives her to you, for with life I never would yield her. Blanche my sister-kiss me for the last time before you

go to this man I hate!" Terrible was the tone in which Del Colma uttered the words. Even with the chilly clutch of Death's dark angel upon him, he did not re-

The weeping girl-now only a mere wreck of what she had been only a few short months before, when, in Cinnabar City, she had won the fancy of iron-heart Velvet Hand, the Dick Talbot of other days bent over the stricken man and pressed a kiss upon his lips, and then, even as the caress was given, there was a quick, sharp report, a moan of pain came from the girl's lips, and she fell heavily apon the wounded man, the shock crushing frail life from his body; and he died, too, with a

mocking smile upon his thin lips. His last act had been to tear the heart of the man he hated. A small pocket pistol he had held concealed in his hand, and when the girl had bent over him he had placed it against her heart his deer-skin garb, it was generally concluded and fired; death had ensued from the wound al-

For a moment Talbot gazed upon the fearful nd found an unknown grave.

John Clark never joined the Danite band sight, his senses reeling, and then flying like a madman to his horse, he leaped upon the animal's back, and spurred away at topmost

All that love me are doomed to die!" he cried, in agony. "Bernice, my first love, is the only one that has ever escaped. Am I, then, fatal to the women who love me? It His den in the mountains was visited, but would seem so. No rest! no peaceful home for the hand of the destroyer had been there also. me! No children to play around my knee and Gunpowder and fire had done their work; the smooth my path in old age. Oh, fate! if you

die and find the rest that is denied me here, in the earth from whence I came.

Straight on Talbot rode through the livelong day, turning neither to the right nor left, save when impassable barriers hemmed in the

He sought the waters of Lethe, that he might drink and forget the bitter past.

Never more did the town of Corinne see the

manly figure of Gold Dan, and pretty Durango Kate waited long and anxiously for the man she had made up her mind to captivate, but he never came.

Far down in the San Juan mines the wanderer found a habitation, and in the excitement of a new life tried to forget the old. Some day, when my library-tower is com-

pleted, and from my eagle-like nest I can watch the white sails on the sound, the bold shores of Long Island opposite, and the pretty waters of the Mianus at my feet, and the "fit" seizes upon me, I will take my bread-winner in hand again, and tell of the wondrous adventures that befell lion-hearted Dick Talbot down in the Southland mines, where the silver ore shines in the ledge and the gold lies deep in the 'pocket.'

THE END.

Soon to follow, Mr. AIKEN'S new story of City Life: "JOE PHENIX, the Police Spy: OR, THE SHARKS AND SHARPS OF NEW YORK," in a field in which the author has no superior, as his "California Detective: or, the Witches of New York," most fully demonstrated. The new story is in his best vein, and it will be rated unequaled by any City-Life romance that has appeared for years.

TO ADVERTISERS.

A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil measurement.

THE FIRESIDE LIBRARY. WAS SHE HIS WIFE: By Mrs. Crowell... 10c.
-FLEEING FROM LOVE. By Harriet Irving. 10c.
-DID HE LOVE HER? By B. T. Campbell... 10c.
-A STRANGE WOMAN. By Rett Winwood 10c.
-NADIA, THE RUSSIAN SPY. By Capt. Fred.

6-TWO GIRLS' LIVES. By Mrs. Crowell ... 7-8-LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET. By Mrs. M. 9-THE WAR OF HEARTS. By Corinne Cush

aped the several dangers.

And now, face to face, each recognized the 11—THE FALSE WIDOW. My Mrs. Jennie Davis Button.

12-18-LOST FOR LOVE. By Miss Braddon.

12-18-LOST FOR LOVE. By Miss Braddon.

14-15-TOILERS OF THE SEA. By V. Hugo.

16-THE OCTOROON. By Miss Braddon.

17-18-UNCLE SILAS. By J. S. Le Fanu.

19-20-DEAD-SEA FRUIT. By Miss Braddon.

21-22-LITTLE KATE KIRBY. By F. W. R.

80n.
28—SOWING THE WIND. By Mis. Croweil
24-25—BIRDS OF PREY. By Miss Braddon
26—THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S. By Lever
27-28—CHARLOTTE'S INHERITANCE. By
M. E. Braddon.
29—A GIRL'S HEART. By Rett Winwood
30-31—RED AS A ROSE IS SHE. By Rhoda Bro

BRAVE BARBARA. By Corinne Cushman 10c.
A DANGEROUS WOMAN. By Margaret 40-OUIDA'S LOVE. By Henrietta E. De Conde 10c 41-THE HUNTED BRIDE. By Corinne Cush

man 42—WINNING WAYS. By Margaret Blount . 10c 43—A WOMAN'S HEART. By Mrs M. V. Victor 10c A new taste every week.

For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, postage paid, on receipt of twelve cents for single numbers; double numbers twenty-four cents, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, 98 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

WONDERFUL PEN AND HOLDER Writes with water in letters of Gold, Silver, Violet, Blue, Black, Brown, Carmine, Yellow, &c. No ink required. Samples by mail 15c., one doz. by mail 25c. per gross reduced rates. Two samples by mail 16c. The Cornetto, the new Italian musical instrument, most wonderful and amusing invention. Samples by mail 25c. Agents wanted. Latest novelties. Catalogue free. Empire Novelty Co., 309 Broadway, N. Y.

60 CTS. will buy, for 60 days only, the best Rubber Stamp for marking Linea, &c., mailed free. Regular Price \$1.00. Rubber Stamp Co., 131 Purchase St., New Bedford, Mass. 40 EXTRA Fine Mixed Cards, with name, 10 cts., post-paid. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

25 Fancy Cards, Snowflake, Damask, etc., no two alike, with name, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.

WORK FOR ALL In their own localities, canvassing for the Fireside Visitor, (enlarged, Weekly and Monthly, Largest Paper in the World, with Mammoth Chromos e. Address P. O. VICKER Y, Augusta,

40 MIXED CARDS with name, in a Card Case, Middleboro, Mass 50 LARGE MIXED CARDS, with name, 18c. or 40 in case 18c. Outfit 10c. Dowd & Co., Bristol, Con 379-521

BIG PAY To Agents selling my 10 new arti-cles, Chromos, Watches, Jewelry, etc. Send for catalogue. R. MORRIS, Chicago, III. YOUR NAME printed on 50 Mixed Cards for 18c. 26 Fun Cards 10c. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, 380-52t.h

\$3 GOLD PLATED WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. Sample Watch Free to Agents. Address, A. COULTER & Co., Chicago 45 CARDS 10c., OR 20 CHROMO CARDS, with name, 25c. SPENCER & CO., Nassau, N.Y. 409-4t. r. PHOTOS Actresses, 6 for 25c.; Special Subjects, 3 for 25c.; Catalogue of Photos & Book, 2c. E. Elton, 239% State St. Chicago. 409.3t. \*

BIG PAY to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. Taylor Bros. & Co., Cleveland, O. 403-26t. E A

\$2500 a year. Agents wanted everywhere. Bus-liness strictly legitimate, Particulars free Address J. WORTH & Co., St. Louis, Mo.



YEARLY

Salary. Salesmen wanted to sell ou Staple Goods to dealers. No peddling Expenses paid. Permanent employ ment, address S. A. GRANT & CO.

A new Medical Treatise "THE SCIENCE of LIPE, OR SELF-PRESERVA-TION," a book for everybody. Price \$1, sent by mail. Fifty original prescriptions, either one of which is worth ten times the price of the book. Gold Medal awarded the author. The Boston Herald says: "The Science of Life is, beyond all comparison, the most extraordinary work on Physiology ever published." An Illustrated Pamphlet sent FREE. Address DR. W. H. PARKER, No. 4 Bullinch Street, Boston, Mass.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

You ask about that dear, divine. Delicious, darling Girl of Mine. Helf of a perfect picture give,
Half of a perfect picture give,
And you may very well suppose
I could not even paint her nose,
For painter's brush and poet's line
Would fail upon this Girl of Mine.

That Girl of Mine is just eighteen,
To doubt it I'd not be so mean;
For five long years she's told me so;
It's time I should believe it now.
But then, we're even, each with each,
For I have made her think me rich, And you can guess just how I shine In eyes of that dear Girl of Mine.

That Girl of Mine I love not less Because she is so fond of dress, And me she often says she loves More than she does six-button gloves. She has more faith, she oft avers, In me than in ner milliners: The sweetest thing in crinoline, Is Geraldine, that Girl of Mine!

She says my step makes her rejoice
As much as does the errand-boy's
With bundles from the dry-goods store—
The purchase of an hour before.
Love is the fashion, and she says
She'll be in fashion while it stays.
Like a whole lumber-yard I pine
For Geraldine, that Girl of Mine!

For Gerandie, that Girl of Mine.

Last night I softly asked of her
What housework did she most prefer?

For one sweet mom at she was still,
Then sweetly answered, "The quadrille;
Yet she's all patience, and can work
All day as hard as any Turk,
Preparing for a ball at 9—
That most industrious Girl of Mine.

She's quite religious, and her creed Is very, very wide, indeed; In most acceptable array She goes to church, and in the way She poses there no fault you see. And hardly of the earth is she; At least to judge by outward sign An angel is that Girl of Mine.

She goes about among the poor—
Her old acquaintances of yore—
And unto them she gives advice
On how to make their dresses nice.
She wants to be example rare,
And wants all eyes to judge her fair.
She is a model girl, in fine;
That dear and costly Girl of Mine.

### **Woods and Waters**

The Rambles of the Littleton Gun Club.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

XI. THE LAST OF THE DUCKS.

"It's not enough to be able to shoot straight," said Bruce, as we left the light-house that afternoon, "to become a successful duck-hunter. One must know the habits of the game, also. Ducks feed at night till daylight, and go to their feeding-grounds at sunset. In the day they seek the quietest places they can find, to roost in peace. Just here, their roosting-places are away in the woods, back among some little ponds. Mart has been there, and knows where to look."

The old hunter seemed indeed to feel quite secure of his route, for he stepped off with an assured air. We left the light-house by land, with our guns and game-bags, and were warned to put on wading-boots, unless we wished to get

Tramping in wading-boots is no joke, and our walk was long and wearisome. We crossed a belt of cultivated country, and entered woods of low, scrubby trees, passing along mile after mile, till the ground began to descend and grow

moist and swampy.

"I hope we won't go much further," said Charley Green, confidentially; "for I don't see how we'll ever get back, if we have much game

"Don't you fret," enjoined old Mart, who overheard him. "Thar's a wagon comin' to meet us at Deadman's Corners, not two mile from here. I seen to that. Now hush, all ov ye. We're gittin' nigh the place. Ye see the light yonder? That's a pond, and, if I ain't want was the place of the place. much mistaken, there's a pile o' duck there. Now, Cap, you take your crowd. Tom Smith he'll show ye where to stand; and we'll take the other side and keep 'em drivin'. Heel, Prince! Down, ye old sinner! Don't ye know yer biz, better'n that?"

He spoke to that absurd-looking mongrel of his, which was beginning to get excited, and threatened to range ahead. Prince seemed to understand the rebuke, for he slunk back behind his master with his tail down, looking humble

I'll bet on that there dog fur a duck-dog "Til bet on that there dog fur a duck-dog ag'in' any of yer fine-bred retrievers in Ameriky," said Old Mart, proudly. "He understands his biz, he does; and if he's a little rash, now and then, he only needs to be spoken to to come down and attend to it. Go ahead, Tom!"

As he spoke, we could distinguish before us a decided break in the forest, indicating a clearing; and could hear in the distance occasional brests of quacking which told of the vicinity of

mg; and could near in the distance occasional bursts of quacking, which told of the vicinity of ducks. Our party was now silently divided into two bodies; one, led by Tom Smith, the keeper, (containing Bruce, Sol Hawkins and several good shots), striking off to the right, while old Mart retained the rest of us in a squad at a halt till the others were out of sight. at a halt till the others were out of sight.

The pond ahead covers a matter of eight or nine acre," explained Mart; "and we must give them time to get round it. Take a rest. I'm

off. "Follow your leaders; go easy, and keep kivered behind trees," was his advice.

Accordingly, we stole slowly forward after the old man for about a hundred yards, in Indian file, flitting from tree to tree. As we advanced, the soft ground changed to black mud, and became interspersed with pools of water; till finally we were walking in water up to the ankles, and beheld before us the goal of our desires, a pond encircled with trees. As Mart had warned us, it was covered with flocks of ducks, some asleep on the water, others swimming some asleep on the water, others swimming about in circles, playing with each other and

Old Mart here halted and placed Long Coventry behind a tree.

"Can't trust your long shanks stalkin' round," he remarked. "You stay there and shoot when we shoot, or when you git a

He placed Ryder close beside Coventry at another large tree, on the huge moss-covered roots of which a small island had accumu-

Now, boys," he said to Green and myself, "take it cool and spread out. Yonder's a big log that'll hide you, Charley. Go for it. Hide vourself. Launce

In a few minutes we were deployed in the forest at the edge of the swamp, but the ducks were out of easy shot. They seemed to be determined to keep tantalizingly in the middle of

Presently the forest on the other side of the pond was illuminated by a flash, and we could see a heavy charge of shot pour into the ducks, and splash into the water.

"That's one of Bruce's long rangers," cried old Mart. "Here they come, lads! Give 'em Jesse."

In effect, the sound of the shot produced a tremendous commotion. In a twinkling, all the ducks set up a grand chorus of terrified quacks, and came swimming and flying straight toward us, trying to rise from the water to clear the

tops of the trees, but cramped for want of

tops of the trees, but cramped for want of space.

In this condition they presented excellent marks, as their struggles brought the whole flock within thirty yards of us, flying in a dense mass for the tops of the trees.

Bang! bang! went the guns; and the sound of ducks falling into the water told that the volley had taken effect. Out rushed Prince after the wounded ones, and the whole flight of ducks swerved round, wildly quacking, and sailed away to the opposite side of the lagoon. Then we could see the flashes of our friends guns, and again the flock swerved off at a right angle.

Bang! bang! went more guns, and we could

Bang! bang! went more guns, and we could see more ducks dropping, while the flock, again headed off, made a dash for the fourth side of the pond and made its escape!

"There, I think that's a pretty handsome toll for one flock to pay," observed old Mart, as he wiped out his gun. "That's all we'll git to-day on this pond, and I guess Coventry and Ock has each shot a duck."

It was true as each had a bird lying nigh

has each shot a duck."

It was true, as each had a bird lying nigh him. The total killed by our volley of five double-barrels was eighteen ducks, and Prince had already retrieved them for us, and was crossing the pond retrieving for the other parties.

When we came to compare notes on our tramp home, we found that out of fourteen guns in the whole party we had killed no less than thirty-five ducks, in that single pond.

"And that's nothing to what you kin do ef you hide near a feeding pond and take 'em as they come in," averred Tom Smith.

As Mart had promised, we had not to walk home. We passed on through the woods till we reached an old grass-grown country road, and came at last to a broken-down smithy, the very counterpart of Mart's at Littleton, only more ruinous. Here we found an old hay-wagon, with the way here or waiting for the sand way. ruinous. Here we found an old hay-wagon, with four horses, waiting for us, and we were soon jolting home to the banks of the

when we arrived at the light-house, we were rather surprised to see a soldier in undress uniform, sitting on the edge of the dock, smoking a orm, sitting on the edge of the dock, shoking a pipe and talking to the keeper's son. As soon as this soldier saw, the approaching party, he shook out the ashes of his pipe into the river, pocketed the instrument, and stood stiffly up. The moment before, he looked a rather slouchy individual, in a blue sack with a forage-cap, but have a way a regart soldier on duty.

mow he was a smart soldier on duty.

"Boys," said Captain Bruce, as soon as he saw this figure," my loafing time is over. Yonder is my orderly, and I feel sure he has brought It proved true. The soldier was Bruce's servant, who had been left in his master's quarters at West Point, with orders to bring on any offi-

cial letters that came.

He presented the captain with a long envelope, having "WAR DEPARTMENT—OFFICIAL

"Otter Tail will make the senorita a widow?" said one.
"I did not say so," Shuler replied, with a meaning smile, and then, after a pause, he

I guess none of you like Jim Rutherford any

"I guess none of you like Jim Rutherford any too well."
"No!" chorused half a dozen voices.
"Then I'll tell you. It was up the river, near the forks, last summer. Rutherford was there. We were sitting around the fire, when Otter Tail came into camp. The red-skin was half drunk, and at once he began to brag. He was not long letting out the secret of Rutherford's loss of his horses a month before. 'The young fellow flew up in a passion, and springing to his feet he knocked the Indian down, right into the fire. I jerked him out before he was hadly

feet he knocked the Indian down, right into the fire. I jerked him out before he was badly burned, and took him out of camp."

"What did the Injun say, Dan?"

"He was as mute as an oyster for some time; but when I got him to talking he merely said: 'To-morrow Katchewan will make the bullet for the white dog's carcass."

"That meant business."

"Of course it did. The Indian hasn't forgotten the knock-down, for yesterday he showed me the burn on his shoulder, and assured me that the hour of vengeance was near at hand."

The foregoing conversation took place in a bar-room in Tucson one night in the summer of 1869. The parties were men of acknowledged desperateness; but who claimed to have that sense of "honor" which curses our Western frontier and makes more graves there than the ravages of disease.

seense of "honor" which curses our Western frontier and makes more graves there than the ravages of disease.

Strong Dan had not exaggerated the story of Otter Tail's chastisement by the young New-Yorker, who was quietly making money in Tucson in a legitimate way, much to the envy and annoyance of the rough portion of the community. The Indian had deserved the punishment. He was a sub-chief of some note, and had few redeeming qualities. Fire-water was his favorite beverage, and petty thieving his frequent occupation. He had ingratiated himself into the graces of such men as Dan Shuler and his lawless confreres, and they would resent any indignity offered the chief.

This Indian was the "shadow of death" referred to by the rough character of Tucson. His hatred of Rutherford was deadly, and swift would have been the young man's doom if Strong Dan had not advised him to delay the blow until his enemy had led the Spanish girl to the altar.

Strong Dan had an object in view when he bestowed this unequebt advice. Senovite Inlies the figure of his scarlet foe.

A moment later, the forest tableau was rudely broken by the report of the American's rifle, and Otter Tail's would-be slayer, dropping the uplifted hatchet, fell with a death-cry at the foot of a tree.

Quick as a flash the chief whirled, to see his foe in the agonies of death, and to discern a puff of white smoke curling above the maguey.

"The Creeper hate Katchewan long time," he said, catching a glimpse of his preserver, and coming forward as if willing to trust the man who had stricken the brave.

Rutherford stepped boldly forth to see Otter Tail start back with a cry of amazement.

But it was only for a moment.

"Katchewan hunt the white man!" the Indian suddenly cried, throwing his gun to the ground and advancing again. "He had promised to wait till Spanish girl his wife; but the evil spirit said, 'No wait! to-day! to-day! and Katchewhan was on his trail. He

This Indian was the "shadow of death" referred to by the rough character of Tucson.

His hatred of Rutherford was deadly, and swift would have been the young man's doom if Strong Dan had not advised him to delay the blow until his enemy had led the Spanish girl to the altar.

Strong Dan had an object in view when he bestowed this unsought advice. Senorita Julia had rejected his proposals of marriage, and plainly intimated that her choice had fallen upon the young gentleman from the States. Shuler, finding himself baffled, ap, eared to acquiesce in the fair lady's decision, and went his way; but it was not long afterward that he found Katchewan under the influence of fronther the states.

Tail start back with a cry of amazement.

But it was only for a moment.

"Katchewan hunt the white man!" the Indian suddenly cried, throwing his gun to the ground and advancing again. "He had promised to wait till Spanish girl his wife; but the evil spirit said, 'No wait! to-day! to-day! to-day! to have all to see the strong again. "He had promised to wait till Spanish girl his wife; but the evil spirit said, 'No wait! to-day! to-day! to have an interpretation of the statchewan will guard it with the statch was not lost of the statchewan will statchewan hunt the white man!" the Indian suddenly cried, throwing his gun to the ground and advancing again. "He had promised to wait till Spanish girl his wife; but the evil spirit said, 'No wait! to-day! to his lodge, and Katchewan will guard it with his life. Injun grateful! Injun not always a dog!"

With an exclamation of joy Rutherford seized the red hand which the chief thrust forward was a fraternal grasp.

The two the with a cry of amazement.

But it was only for a moment.

"Atthewan hunt the white man!" the Indian suddenly cried, throwing his with the scient hand advancing again. "He had promised to wait till Spanish girl his wife; but the evil spirit said, 'No wait! to-day! to-day! to-day! to-day! t

the person was, grew into an Indian, for plume and garments became visible, and the American

and garments became visible, and the American recognized him.

It was Katchewan, or Otter Tail, and Rutherford knew that the chief was upon his trail.

Closer to the broad clapboard-like leaves of the protecting plant the hunted man crept, with his eye fixed steadfastly upon the Indian, whose errand was no longer a matter of conjecture. Scarce thirty feet from the bunch of maguey Otter Tail came to a halt and looked around perplexed.

The tableau was the most thrilling one Rutherford had ever beheld. He read it in an instant, and for a moment resolved to witness the denouement without interference.

But Rutherford could not stand idly by and

perplexed.

The man whom he had followed from Tucson The man whom he had followed from Tucson had to him mysteriously disappeared; the earth seemed to have opened and swallowed him.

Rutherford watched and enjoyed the chief's perplexity until he saw another figure, pantherlike, creeping upon his trailer.

No sound indicated the second approach, and a moment after the discovery, the young man recognized an Indian, called the Creeper, standing with unlifted tomahawk menacingly near

ing with uplifted tomahawk menacingly near

Otter Tail, while seeking his life, had been tracked by a red enemy of his own tribe, and a forest feud was about to be settled in a startling

see the life of his enemy taken by a sneaking assassin, and the rifle which had covered Katche-



A moment later, the forest tableau was rudely broken by the report of the American's rifle.

dress was to Bruce himself.
"As I thought," he said, when he had opened it. "Orders to join my company at Fort Napoleon, Upper Missouri, by the shortest practicable route. My leave is over. The Indians are getting troublesome. How can I get to the Western train quickest, Tom?"

"Up train stops at Van Rensselaer 4.45 P.M.," said the light-house keeper. "Ye'd better take the 9 o'clock from Albany, Cap. There's the 4.45 goes up there, and takes you in time for a sleeping-car. Then you won't have to hurry

'Where's the baggage Miles?" asked the captain of his orderly

them time to get round it. Take a rest. I'm goin' to smoke."

In effect, we stayed where we were for about ten minutes, when Mart shook the ashes out of his pipe and announced that it was time to be off.

"Follow your leaders; go easy, and keep kivered behind trees," was his advice.

Accordingly, we stole slowly forward after

Charley, eagerly.
"They'll begin in a few weeks, going south,

as the winter opens."
"Then if you don't mind, I'll come soon,"
half-solicited Charley.
"With all my heart!" answered Bruce. "Go

home. Pack up some warm flannels—all you can get. Bring a pair of revolvers—Colt's army, mind—and leave the rest to me. Now, And our old friend was off for the up-train,

just as the whistle sounded in the distance (To be continued—commenced in No. 401.)

## A Fortunate Shot.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

"HE lives in the shadow of death. If he weds the senorita Julia, there will be another widow in Tucson shortly after that event."

"You speak confidently, Dan. Indeed, did we not know you, pard, we might think that you intend to figure in that bit of widow-making of which you speak."

Dan Shuler, or Strong Dan as he was called wherever familiarly known, winced at his friend's remark, and hastened to say:

"I allow that the senorita once occupied my thoughts, and it might have been said that Dan Shuler had found his affinity, as they say in the States; but I guess the feeling didn't amount to anything serious. No, pards, I shall not be in at that widow-making. Perhaps I don't like Jim Rutherford; but that's neither here nor there. Mebbe he doesn't like Dan Shuler. That's all right, boys. There's an Indian up the river right, boys. There's an Indian up the river named Katchewan; we call him Otter Tail." named Katchewan; we can The group exchanged looks.

and administer the vengeance which had stung his soul so long. Then the advice just referred to was given, and the Indian promised to defer his revenge until he could make the Spanish girl a widow. Thus Strong Dan hoped to reward

er for rejecting him.

We shall see if the Indian kept his promise. Toward the close of a true summer afternoon, about a fortnight after the talk in the barroom, a young man of prepossessing appearance left Tucson and walked in a south-easterly di-rection. He was dressed in the rather fantastic garments of a Spanish head cattle-herder, though his features proclaimed him an Ameri-can. His only observable weapon was a rifle ocured to his back by a strap that cross and its arrangement told that he expected to meet no enemy

He went over a hill that lost the city to his sight and entered a forest robed in the beauties of summer, and resonant with the songs of birds. Cacti and other plants peculiar to that part of our country were visible at intervals, but he did not notice them. By looking straight ahead he could discern the appearance of a lot of buildings which seemed to indicate that a town lay beyond the trees, and his eyes lit up with delight as the sight grew more dis-

Beyond the forest which was not large stood the hacienda-like home of the Spanish girl who had incurred the hatred of Strong Dan Shuler, and it was the many buildings attached to it

that attracted the pedestrian's attention.

If the young man, who was none other than Rutherford, believed that his departure from Tucson had not been noticed, he was deceiving himself. Neither Shuler nor his friends had wit himself. Neither Shuler nor his friends had witnessed the quiet but not secret withdrawal; but
the eyes of a person who had long thirsted for
his blood were upon him, and his going into
the forest alone had inflamed a savage heart.
Rutherford walked leisurely through the
wood, and toward the home of the young girl
who had promised to become his bride on the
morrow. He feared no attack, and never since
the night around the camp-fire had he thought

morrow. He feared no attack, and never since the night around the camp-fire had he thought that Otter Tail harbored revenge against him. The sun sunk rapidly in the west; the stately trees threw the long shadows that are the pre-cursors of night, when all is shade, but enough th remained to distinguish objects at a con-

derable distance.

It was near the edge of the forest that a footstep fell upon Rutherford's ear.

He paused and looked back to see an indis

tinct figure moving, seemingly, toward him.
Then the thought of treachery on Strong Dan's
part came over him, and he stepped close to a
clump of bushes of the maguey species, and,
unslinging his gun, determined to watch events.
His figure was almost effectually concealed by the magueyan shadows, and with eyes fixed upon the figure gliding forward with suspicious motion. Rutherford stood like a statue of

Business," printed on the cover, while the address was to Bruce himself.

| tier liquor and about to hunt his enemy down and Katchewan's shoulder touched the man and administer the vengeance which had stung whose life he had lately sought. They were

On the following day the senorita Julia became Rutherford's bride, and Katchewan was

That night Strong Dan reproached the chief and ventured to call him a coward.

"If Katchewan's love for the white herder is cowardice, he is proud of it!" was the reply.

"Let no man touch the young pale-face and his baids."

## Sports and Pastimes.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

SKATING. CHRISTMAS DAY passed in 1877 without the

residents of the metropolis and its vicinity having had an opportunity for even an hour's sport in the enjoyment of ice-skating. In this respect the present winter is an exceptional one. Early in December it was announced that the Central Park commissioners would this season make no provision for the provision for th provision for the special accommodation of the skating fraternity at the Park lakes. Their plea in excuse was that they had no funds. The fact was that they had none to spare to provide recreation for the masses, though plenty of money was apparently at command to keep the drives in thorough order for the snobs of the city to exhibit their liveried servants and to ape airs of the English nobility by flourishing indems," "drags," "four-in-hands," and all the variety of expensive turn-outs which our city parvenues so love to display on the Park drives. This class the Park commissioners could find means to cater for, but not a dollar was at command from the immense fund employed in paying the salaries of city sinecurists, to devote to the purpose of providing a cheap and healthy recreation for the masses.

It was no sooner announced, however, that there were to be no skating-houses erected at Central Park this winter and no clearing of the frozen lakes from snow for skating purposes, than the press came to the rescue of the people at large, and with indignant remons.rance ob-liged the Tammany regime to provide for the popular winter recreation, and therefore due preparation has been made for skating at the Park, and thousands—ay, tens of thousands— will find their wonted healthful enjoyment on the Park lakes during the winter of 1878, if Jack Frost will only do his duty.

In the mean time those devoted to skating have found at the roller-skating resorts of the metropolis—thus far confined to Brooklyn—admirable facilities for the enjoyment of the now popular and fashionable indoor branch of the art of skating. From October to the present time has the admirably managed Rink on Cler-

Presently the trailer, for undoubtedly such the person was, grew into an Indian, for plume and garments became visible, and the American the admirers of roller skating, and what with the enjoyable entertainments on fete nights, the crowds present on Saturdays—the "popular price" day—and the fun and frolic incident to the occasions when the city academies and Sunday-schools visit the rink in a body, Brooklyn has had a first-class skating sensation, despite the fact that there was no ice-skating up to New

Year's day.

On Christmas day a novel scene was presented at the Brooklyn Rink, it being the occasion of a visit from Santa Claus, who appeared in propria personae, and distributed basket-loads of presents to the children in the assemblage, the noise of whistles, flutes, and horns, when all had received their gifts, being stunning for the time being. They have excellent facilities for roller skating at Apollo Hall, in the Eastern District, and this Williamsburg resort was crowded on Christmas day. The Empire Rink is to be opened for roller skating in January, and then the uptown people of New York will possess facilities for enjoying the sport. The new roller-skating rink in Philadelphia is quite a success.

a success.

It is worthy of note, as showing the unusual mildness of the season, that in Toronto, Port Hope, Montreal, and other cities of Canada, on Christmas day, instead of enjoying skating and sleighing, actually had regattas and field sports, La Crosse and cricket taking the place of skating

## Ripples.

"THE Turkish braid" is the latest novelty in hair-dressing, but the Russian girls say you can't pla-it on them.

If some men were measured by the size of their hearts and souls a gun-patch would make them a suit of clothes, including an ulster over-

Mrs. Shoddy puckered up her mouth genteelly and told a gentleman that one of her lovely daughters was a "bunet," and the other

CURIOSITY in children is but an appetite for knowledge. One great reason why children abandon themselves wholly to silly pursuits and trifle away their time insipidly is because they find their curiosity balked and their inquiries

"CHILDREN," said a gentleman visitor in clos-ing his address to an Ohio school the other day, "I trust you will all appreciate education and cherish and love your excellent teacher, as I do." Tableau with red fire furnished by the pretty schoolma'am.

A FEW days ago a very handsome lady entered a dry-goods house and inquired for a bow.
The polite clerk threw himself back and remarked that he was at her service. "Yes, but
I want a buff, not a green one," was the reply.
The young man went on measuring goods im-

In this world of mingled shadows and sunshine, where gladness dwells beside happiness, and there are beautiful smiles as well as agonizing tears, it is good to take a hopeful and philosophical view of affairs. Even the boot which lifts a sewing machine agent off the front steps may contain a stocking which on Christmas morning will overflow with blessings from loving friends.

## The Model Weekly!

The Respectable Popular Paper Home Weekly of New York.

## The New York Saturday Journal For 1878.

WITHOUT A RIVAL

as a sterling journal of Wholesome Literature for family fireside reading. It is conceded that for stories of purely American life and adventure it has no peer.

IN STORIES OF HEART LIFE, where love is portrayed in all its power and purity, it leads all others. IN ROMANCES OF ADVENTURE

for our young men and boy readers, no other weekly published can compare with it in *first class* merit. ITS SPECIALTIES:

Washington Whitehorn, Joe Jot, Jr., Beat Time, as humorists; The Parson's Daughter, Eve Lawless and Garry Gaines as essayists of marked originality; Launce Poyntz, C. Dunning Clark, Major Max Martine, who, in their different "series" of adventure on land and sea, are unapproachable in their special field—all aiding in making the Journal the ever welcome, genial guest to thousands of homes.

OF EXCLUSIVE AUTHORS. those writing only for the SATURDAY JOURNAL—no other weekly can boast of a better corps. Capt. Mayne Reid, the modern J. Fenimore cooper of romantic adventure in the Far West and south West, who commands the admiration of a coord of readers.

Albert W. Alken, in his city life and wild roance of the mines of the West, has not a su-Mrs. Mary Reed Crowell stands at the

Oll Coomes, in his boys' tales of adventure in the Indian country, is incomparable and unchal-enged in his field.

Corinne Cushman, in serials of Love and Society, and of Girls' Life, "is a bright, particular star." Joseph E. Badger, Jr.'s thrilling dramatic tories of prairie and mountain life, adventure and tories of prairie and mounta baracter, stand pre-eminent.

Charles Morris, the Charles Dickens of Amer-ca, in stories of boys' life in our great cities. Capt. Frederick Whittaker, whose historical romances stamp him as the Free Lance of light literature.

Col. Delle Sara, the man of many lands and many adventures, who tells his story with a dashing, graphic pen. Col. Prentiss Ingraham, who is equally

Rett Winwood, never failing in deep, abiding Mary Grace Halpine, the keen reader of These and many others make each issue of the

A BRILLIANT LITERARY WORLD. The list of sketch and short story contributors is especially strong, embracing, beside the names above mentioned, such authors as Eben E. Rexford, Lucille Hollis, Mattle Dyer Britts, Henri Montcalm, T. C. Harbaugh, Hap Hazard, Edward L. Wheeler, Capt. Charles Howard, A. W. Bellaw, Maro O. Rolfe, Mrs. Addie D. Rollston, Roger Starbuck, etc.

IN "DEPARTMENTS" the Saturday Journal vies with all other weekiles in novelty, interest and usefulness. Answers to Correspondents—Topics of the Times—Work and Play—Sports and Pastimes—Ripples—Editor's Paragraphs—all are distinguished by a freshness, originality and suggestiveness that render them entertaining and valuable Features.

The Saturday Journal is Published

For four months \$1.00 5.00